YOUNGBLOOD # 4.
"YOUNG GUNS" (24 PAGES)

PAGE 1.
PANEL 1.
A SIX PANEL PAGE TO OPEN WITH. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE HAVE WHAT APPEARS TO BE A CLOSE UP IMAGE OF A BLEACHED CATTLE SKULL LYING THERE IN DESERT SAND. IT IS SOME TIME AROUND SUNSET, AND WE SEE A KINGSNAKE WINDING ITS WAY IN AND OUT OF THE SKULL'S SOCKETS. AS WE PULL BACK NEXT PANEL WE'LL REVEAL THAT THIS IMAGE IS IN FACT ON ONE OF THE INTERIOR SCREENS OF BIG BROTHER'S COMMAND-COCKPIT, SO MAYBE YOU MIGHT WANT TO PUT SOME SORT OF WHITE LINE ZIP-A-TONE EFFECT OVER THE IMAGE TO MAKE IT LOOK MORE ON-SCREEN.
No Dilaogue

PANEL 2.
SAME SHOT, BUT HERE WE PULL BACK SO THAT WE CAN SEE THE SKULL AND SNAKE AS AN IMAGE ON ONE OF THE INTERIOR WALL-MOUNTED T.V. SCREENS ON THE INNER SURFACE OF BIG BROTHER'S COMMAND MODULE/ COCKPIT. THE SCREEN IS SIDEWAYS-ON TO US HERE, EVEN THOUGH THE IMAGE IS THE RIGHT WAY UP, SUGGESTING THAT WE ARE INSIDE BIG BROTHER AND THAT BIG BROTHER IS LYING ON HIS SIDE FOR SOME REASON. EVERYTHING INSIDE THE COMMAND COCKPIT IS SIDEWAYS, AND SOME THINGS HAVE TIPPED OVER AND SPILLED. AS THE SNAKE WINDS ITS WAY FURTHER OUT OF THE SKULL'S SOCKETS ON THE SCREEN IN THE BACKGROUND, WE SEE ONE OF LEONARD'S HANDS ENTER THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, GROPING BLINDLY AND UNSTEADILY FOR THE PAIR OF WIRE-RIMMED SPECTACLES THAT WE SEE RESTING ON THE FLOOR..OR RATHER THE WALL...OF THE FALLEN-OVER COMMAND MODULE, UP IN THE FOREGROUND HERE. LEONARD'S GROGGY BALLOON ISSUES FROM OFF PANEL RIGHT.
LEONARD (OFF) : Oouurrgh...

PANEL 3.
SAME SHOT, BUT WE CONTINUE TO PULL BACK UNTIL THE SCREEN WITH THE SKULL ON IS RIGHT IN THE BACKGROUND NOW, AND UP IN THE FOREGROUND WE HAVE LEONARD PULLING HIMSELF UP FROM HIS FALLEN POSITION AMONGST THE TOPPLED CLUTTER ON THE "FLOOR" OF THE COMMAND MODUEL AND INTO A MORE UPRIGHT POSITION, MAYBE SETTLING THE SLIGHTLY BENT BUT UNBROKEN GLASSES ON HIS NOSE AS HE DOES SO. HE LOOKS PISSED OFF AND PUZZLED, UNCERATIN AS TO WHAT HAS JUST HAPPENED TO KNOCK HIS BIG TOUGH ROBOT BODY OVER IN THE WAY THAT IT APPARENTLY HAS DONE. AS HE RISES UP, LEONARD IS SPEAKING. WE CAN SEE MICROPHONE DEVICES BUILT INTO BIG BROTHER'S INNARDS, SO THAT WE GET THE IDEA THAT LEONARD IS TALKING OVER HIS INTER-COM TO WHOEVER IS OUTSIDE THE FALLEN ROBOT.

PAGE 1.

PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

LEONARD : Urnngh....testing. One, two. One, two.
LEONARD : Hello? Are you other guys ALLRIGHT out there?
LEONARD : What the Hell just HAPPENED, and where ARE we?

PANEL 4.

CUT TO THE EXTERIOR OF THE FALLEN BIG BROTHER. WE ARE IN THE HILLS OUTSIDE OMEGAPOLIS, WHERE WE ENDED LAST ISSUE, AND ALTHOUGH THE LANDSCAPE IS PRETTY SIMILAR TO WHAT WE SAW LAST ISSUE, THERE ARE SOME NOTABLE DIFFERENCES. FOR ONE THING, WHEREAS IT WAS NIGHT TIME WHEN YOUNGBLOOD ENTERED THE "CLOCK TOWER" OUT IN THE OMEGAPOLIS HILLS IT IS NOW SEEMINGLY AROUND SUNSET. SOMEWHERE IN THE BACKGROUND WE CAN SEE THE TOWER-LIKE ROCKY OUTCROPPING THAT HOUSES DOCTOR CLOCK'S SECRET HIDEOUT...EXCEPT THAT HERE, IT OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T. ITS JUST AN OUTCROPPING OF ROCK, AND THE TUNNEL THAT DOC ROCKET MADE INTO ITS BASE LAST ISSUE IS NOWEHERE TO BE SEEN. OKAY, OVER IN THE NEAR BACKGROUND HERE WE SEE THE FALLEN BIG BROTHER ROBOT, LYING ON ITS SIDE IN THE SAND, MAYBE JUST STARTING TO PUSH ITSELF UP WITH ITS POWERFUL MECHANICAL ARMS HERE. SOMEWHERE IN FRONT OF IT WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE THE CATTLE SKULL THAT WE SAW ON THE SCREEN FROM THE INSIDE DURING OUR FUIRST THREE PANELS. UP TOWARDS THE FOREGROUND WE SEE A DAZED-LOOKING SHAFT, WHO IS STANDING GROGGILY AND REACHING DOWN WITH ONE HAND TO HELP AND EQUALLY DAZED TWILIGHT TO HER FEET. ANY OTHER YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS WE CAN SEE ARE ALSO STRUGGLING TO THEIR FEET HERE, ALTHOUGH WE DON'T NEED TO SEE THEM IF THERE'S NO ROOM. AS SHAFT HELPS HER UP, TWILIGHT FROWNS AND LOOKS PUZZLED AS SHE SURVEYS HER SURROUNDINGS.

SHAFT : W-We're okay. We're still in the hills near OMEGAPOLIS, but we seem to be OUTSIDE Dr. Clock's Tower rather than INSIDE.
TWILIGHT : Except that it's SUNSET now. It was DARK when we arrived. Something's WRONG!

PANEL 5.

CHANGE ANGLE. MAYBE WE SEE BIG BROTHER (NOW PERHAPS FULLY STANDING) ALONG WITH SHAFT AND TWILIGHT, OVER IN THE BACKGROUND HERE. UP IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, WE CAN SEE THE BASE OF THE ROCKY OUTCROPPING KNOWN AS THE CLOCK TOWER, OVER TO THE EXTREME LEFT OF PANEL. DOC ROCKET STANDS LOOKING AT IT WITH A PUZZLED FROWN. MAYBE SHE RUNS HER HAND OVER THE SMOOTH ROCK SURFACE WHERE SHE DRILLED A HUGE HOLE JUST LAST ISSUE. THERE IS NO TRACE OF THE TUNNEL TO BE SEEN. SOMEWHERE MORE TOWARDS THE RIGHT AND MORE TOWARDS THE MIDDLEGROUND THAN DOC ROCKET, WE SEE JOHNNY PANIC. HE IS STANDING BY THE FAINTLY SMOULDERING EMBERS OF A CAMP FIRE, AND IT LOOKS AS IF HE'S TRODDEN IN SOME HORSE-SHIT. HE LIFTS ONE BOOT UP AND

PAGE 1.

PANEL 5. (FROM OVER)

EXAMINES THE UNDERSOLE, HIS LIP CURLING IN DISGUST AND DISMAY. SOMEWHERE TOWARDS THE RIGHT OF THE PANEL WE SEE A VAGEULY PUZZLED LOOKING SUPREMA AS SHE RISES A LITTLE WAY INTO THE AIR, JUST HOVERING AS SHE SPEAKS TO HER TEAM MATES.

DOC ROCKET : Yeah. The ENTRANCE I dug into this ROCK TOWER has SEALED again!

JOHNNY PANIC : Hey, there's been some sort of CAMP FIRE here. And HORSES. There's lots of HOOFPRINTS and, uh, DROPPINGS.

SUPREMA : Let's head back to OMEGAPOLIS...

PANEL 6.

CHANGE ANGLE. WE ARE NOW LOOKING UP TOWARDS THE CREST OF A SANDY SLOPE, SOMEWHERE IN THE SUNSET HILLS. THE VAGUELY BEMUSED-LOOKING YOUNGBLOOD TEAM MEMBERS ARE WENDING THEIR WAY OVER THE CREST OF THE HILL AND DOWN THE SLOPE TOWARDS US. SUPREMA IS STILL HOVERING, COMING TOWARDS US UP ABOVE THE SLOPE IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND. TWILIGHT AND SHAFT ARE ALREADY OVER THE SLOPE AND HAVE COME DOWN IT TOWARDS US INTO THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, LEAVING LOTS OF FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND. TWILIGHT, IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, IS LOOKING WITH ALARMED EYES AT SOMETHING OFF PANEL IN THE FOREGROUND THAT WE CANNOT SEE. SHAFT, RIGHT BEHIND HER, ALSO LOOKS STUNNED. COMING OVER THE HILL IN THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND, THE OTHER FOUR MEMBERS DON'T SEEM TO HAVE NOTICED WHAT TWILIGHT AND SHAFT HAVE NOTICED YET.

SUPREMA : ...at least THAT way we can ORIENT ourselves, once we're back amongst the familiar landmarks of the CITY.

TWILIGHT : Uh...that's a terrific PLAN, Suprema, and I don't want to to sound NEGATIVE or anything....

PAGE 2.

PANEL 1.

A FULL PAGE PICTURE HERE. BASICALLY, UP IN THE FOREGROUND WE HAVE SOME CONVENIENT SHRUBBERY OR BOULDERS TO EITHER SIDE, THAT WILL SHIELD OUR SIX HEROES, WHO ARE ALL FACING AWAY FROM US IN AMAZEMENT, FROM THE VIEW OF THE PEOPLE IN THE BACKGROUND. SOME OF OUR HEROES ARE OVER TO THE LEFT OF THE FOREGROUND HERE AND SOME TO THE RIGHT, BUT THEY ARE ALL GAPING IN AMAZEMENT AT THE SCENE THAT THEY CAN SEE IN THE GAP BETWEEN THEIR ROCK OR SHRUBBERY COVER. IN THE BACKGROUND, WE CAN SEE AN ARCHETYPAL SMALL WESTERN TOWN OF THE MID NINETEENTH CENTURY. A PROMINENT SIGNBOARD UP AT THE EDGE OF THE TOWN HAS BEEN LETTERED TO READ "***Welcome to OMEGAVILLE***" WITH SEPARATE LETTERING THAT READS ***POP. 519***. THERE ARE VARIOUS TOWNSFOLK VISIBLE, INCLUDING A COUPLE OF THEM WHO SEEM TO BE

PAGE 2.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

LEAVING THE TOWN WITH THEIR FAMILIES AND POSSESSIONS. IT WON'T BE IMMEDIATELY APPARENT, BUT ACTUALLY, A LOT OF OMEGAVILLE'S CITIZENS ARE BENT UPON EVACUATING THE TOWN. LIKE I SAY, THIS IS NO BIG DEAL AT THIS POINT. THE MAIN SHOCK OF THIS PAGE IS JUST THAT YOUNGBLOOD ARE SEEMINGLY BACK IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY PAST, WHEN THE SPRAWLING CITY OF OMEGAPOLIS WAS A SMALL TOWN CALLED OMEGAVILLE. THE YOUNGBLOOD LOGO GOES DOWN TOWARDS THE BOTTOM OF THER PAGE SOMEWHERE AS THE TEAM STARE IN DUMBFOUNDED AMAZEMENT FROM THE FOREGROUND PLACE OF CONCEALMENT TOWARDS THE TOWN IN THE BACKGROUND.

TWILIGHT : ..but WHAT City?

LOGO : ***YOUNGBLOOD***

PAGE 3.

PANEL 1.

NOW WE HAVE A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE HAVE REVERSED THE ANGLE OF OUR LAST PAGE SO THAT HERE WE HAVE THE SMALL FAMILIES LEAVING TOWN WITH THEIR HORSE DRAWN CARTS UP IN THE FOREGROUND, EVIDENTLY IN A GREAT HURRY, WHILE LOOKING BEYOND THIS INTO THE BACKGROUND WE CAN JUST MAKE OUT AT LEAST A COUPLE OF MEMBERS OF THE YOUNGBLOOD TEAM AS THEY STAY IN PART CONCEALMENT BEHIND THEIR COVER OF BOULDERS AND SHRUBBERY OR WHATEVER. THEY ARE ALL GAZING TOWARDS THE FOREGROUND. NONE OF THE PEOPLE IN THE FOREGROUND NOTICE THE GROUP IN THE BACKGROUND, PROBABLY BECAUSE THEY'RE ALL TOO INTENT ON GETTING OUT OF TOWN BEFORE SUNDOWN. AMONGST THE YOUNGBLOOF MEMBERS THAT WE CAN DEFINITELY SEE IN THE BACKGROUND, EVEN IF THEY ARE VERY TINY, ARE JOHNNY PANIC, SUPREMA AND TWILIGHT.

JOHNNY PANIC : "OMEGAVILLE"? Aw, no. Tell me this isn't what I THINK it is...

SUPREMA : We're in the PAST! Dr. Clock's TIME TRADER has switched us to the NINETEENTH CENTURY!

TWILIGHT : This is MY fault! The Jack-A-Dandy SAID he was going to destroy us, and I STILL led us straight INTO it!

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE, SO THAT WE'RE NOW IN CLOSE UPON THE GROUP AND CAN SEE ALL OF THEM IN THIS PANEL. JOHNNY PANIC, OVER ON OUR LEFT, IS FIDDLING WITH SOME OF THE CONTROLS ON HIS COSTUME. NEXT TO HIM, SHAFT TURNS TO TWILIGHT AND SHOOTS HER A QUESTIONING LOOK, WHICH TWILIGHT WAVES ASIDE. SUPREMA AND DOC ROCKET ARE LOITERING OR LOOKING ON FROM EVEN FURTHER TOWARDS THE RIGHT, WITH THE HULKING FORM OF THE SMALLEST BIG BROTHER ROBOT IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND, SLIGHTLY BEHIND THE OTHERS.

PAGE 3.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

SHAFT : Uh, actually, Linda, I thought it was ME who led the team...

TWILIGHT : Oh, you know what I MEAN! The Dandy TRICKED us into looking for that LOOT we thought he was after.

TWILIGHT : All the time, he knew about that booby-trapped CLOCK TOWER! God, I feel so STUPID!

PANEL 3.

NOW WE HAVE THE SAME LINE UP, BUT WITH A TURN OF A SWITCH, JOHNNY HAS CLOAKED THE WHOLE TEAM IN HOLOGRAMS OF WESTERN DRESS. JOHNNY HIMSELF, ON THE FAR LEFT, IS WEARING A FANCY GUNSLINGER'S SUIT, MAYBE LIKE THE OLED RAWHIDE KID OUTFIT WITH SILVER BUTTONS IN ROWS ON A BLACK SUIT. NEXT TO HIM WE HAVE SHAFT, IN THE SAME POSITION AS HE WAS LAST PANEL, AND STILL WITH HIS BOQ AND QUIVER ON HIS BACK, ONLY NOW HE APPEARS IN THE TRADITIONAL DRESS OF A NORTH AMERICAN PLAINS INDIAN...OR AT LEAST THE HOLLYWOOD VERSION, WHICH IS PROBABLY THE ONLY ONE THAT JOHNNY HAS HOLO-SAMPLES OF. TWILIGHT, NEXT TOWARDS THE RIGHT, IS MAYBE NOW CARRYING A BIBLE AND DRESSED UP LIKE A TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGNER WITH A BLACK BONNET AND SEVERE LONG BLACK SKIRT WITH A HIGH BUTTON COLLAR. DOC ROCKET, NECT TOWARDS THE RIGHT, NOW LOOKS LIKE ANNIE OAKLEY OR SOMEBODY, WITH HIGH BOOTS AND A BUCKSKIN SKIRT AND JACKET, WHILE SUPREMA LOOKS OUTRAGED AS SHE LOOKS DOWN AT HERSLEF AND FINDS THAT SHE IS DRESSED EXACTLY LIKE THAT OLD WOMAN IN THE *AMERICAN GOTHIC* PAINTING. HER WHITE HAIR IS TIED BACK IN A STRICT BUN AND SHE IS WEARING THE LONG PINAFORE OF A FEMALE HOMESTEADER. LOOMING BEHIND THE GROUP IS A LARGE PAINTED MEDICINE SHOW TRAILER. THIS IS THE FORM THAT BIG BROTHER IS CLOAKED IN, AND HIS CRACKLE-EDGED SPEECH BALOON ISSUES FROM IT HERE.

JOHNNY PANIC : Yeah, well, I can probably make us all LOOK a lot less stupid by throwing a few HOLOGRAM-CLOAKS around us...

SUPREMA : Oh HONESTLY! I look like the old woman in that PAINTING...

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE, FROM TRAILER) : A MEDICINE wagon? How come I get to be a MEDICINE wagon?

PANEL 4.

IN THIS FINAL PANEL WE SEE JOHNNY, IN HIS SLICK GUNSLINGER GEAR, WAVING HIS ARMS ABOUT AS HE REMONSTRATES WITH THE PAINTED MEDICINE WAGON OVER IN THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND. SUPREMA AND DOC ROCKET ARE SOMEWHERE TOWARDS THE CENTRE MIDDLEGROUND, LOOKING ON OR ELSE STILL EXAMINING THEIR OWN

PAGE 3.

PANEL 4. (FROM OVER)

OUTFITS WITH DISTASTE. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, TWILIGHT STARES OUT OF THE PANEL AT US AND RAISES HER HAND TO HER LIPS AS IF SHE'S ONLY JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING THAT MIGHT BE IMPORTANT. SHAFT LOOKS ON FROM BEHIND HER, FROWNING QUIZZICALLY. HE DOESN'T LOOK TERRIBLY COMFORTABLE IN HIS RED INDIAN GUISE.

JOHNNY PANIC : Because it's the only thing big enough to MASK you, okay? THIS way, we can at least check out the TOWN unnoticed...

TWILIGHT : I just THOUGHT...Clock's Time Trader SWAPS things of equivalent MASS between TIMES. Something from HERE must have been sent to 1998!

TWILIGHT : Let's hope it wasn't anything IMPORTANT.

PAGE 4.

PANEL 1.

ANOTHER FULL PAGE PICTURE HERE, BEING A SECOND SPLASH PANEL TO INTRODUCE OUR SECOND TEAM OF THE ISSUE. WE CUT SUDDENLY TO SOMEWHERE IN THE BUSTLE OF CENTRAL OMEGAPOLIS IN THE PRESENT DAY, BY NIGHT. EVERYWHERE THERE ARE NEON SIGNS, ELECTRIC DISPLAYS, CARS, PEOPLE WITH PERSONAL STEREOS, CELLPHONES AND LAPTOPS...BASICALLY, ALL THE FABULOUS CLUTTER OF A HIGH TECH MODERN WORLD. IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THIS, STOPPING THE TRAFFIC AND DRAWING THE ASTOUNDED ATTENTION OF THE PASSERS-BY IN THE STREET THERE ARE FOUR MOUNTED HORSEMEN AND ONE MOUNTED HORSEWOMAN. THEY ALL LOOK STUNNED AND AMAZED, (WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE WOMAN AT THE FRONT) THEIR HORSE SHYING AT THE UNFAMILIAR CITY TRAFFIC ALL AROUND THEM. THE FIVE ARE, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, *NIGHTEAGLE,* THE BUFFALO-SKULL WEARING INDIANA SHAMAN THAT WE SAW IN ***JUDGEMENT DAY***, RIDING THE SAME HORSE THAT HE DID IN THAT SERIES. NEXT THERE IS ***THE BRIMSTONE KID***, RIDING ON HIS PAINTED RED HORSE, AND IN THE MIDDLE THERE IS A NEW CHARACTER WHO WE'VE ONLY MENTIONED ONCE BEFORE, BACK IN JUDGEMENT DAY, THIS BEING *LADY LASH,* WHO IS SEE AS BEING A FEMALE (AND MUCH SEXIER) VARIANT OF ZORRO. RIDING A BLACK HORSE SHE DRESSED IN BLACK LEATHER, PERHAPS WITH HER LEGS EITHER BARE OR CLAD IN STOCKINGS, WITH BLACK BOOTS. SHE WEARS A FLAT BLACK ZORRO-TYPE HAT, A BLACK MASK AND A SHORT BLACK DRESS CAPE. SHE HAS A CURLED BLACK BULLWHIP HANGING BY HER SIDE ON ONE HIP, AND A SIX SHOOTER IN A HOLSTER ON THE OTHER. SHE REGARDS THE MILLING CROWD OF MODERN CITY-DWELLERS AND THEIR VEHICLES ALL AROUND HER AND DRAWLS LACONICALLY, KEEPING HER COMPOSURE MUCH BETTER THAT HER MALE COLLEAGUES. NEXT TO HER WE HAVE A YOUNG ***WILD BILL HICKOK***, AS SEEN IN THE PAGES OF *SUPREME,* MAYBE SEEN IN HIS YOUNGER-SELF VERSION HERE

PAGE 4.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

RATHER THAN AS THE MATURE GUNSLINGER THAT WE'VE ALSO SEEN HIM DEPICTED AS. NEXT TO HIM WE SEE ***KID THUNDER*** ON HIS WHITE HORSE ***LIGHTNING***. ABOVE THEM, THE GIANT STATUE-LADEN SKYSCRAPERS OF OMEGAPOLIS TOWER INTO THE NIGHT. ALL OF THEM, WITH THE SINGLE EXCEPTION OF LADY LASH, LOOK STAGGERED TO FIND THEMSELVES IN THIS ALIEN CITY OF THE FUTURE, AND THEIR HORSES DON'T LOOK TOO PLEASED ABOUT IT EITHER. THE ***YOUNG GUNS*** LOGO GOES DOWN TOWARDS THE BOTTOM SOMEWHERE.

LADY LASH : Well, I'll be durned.

LADY LASH : Looks like we took a wrong turn in the ROAD someplace back there, boys.

LOGO : *YOUNG GUNS*

PAGE 5.

PANEL 1.

A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE ARE MAYBE LOOKING DOWN ONE OF THE BUSY OMEGAPOLIS MAIN STREETS, OVER THE ROOFS OF THE STALLED TRAFFIC. AT THE JUNCTION OF THE STREET, AWAY INTO THE BACKGROUND, WE SEE AT LEAST TWO OR THREE OF THE FIVE MOUNTED FIGURES AS THEY GALLOP ALONG THE INTERSECTION. NIGHTEAGLE IS URGING HIS HORSE IN FROM THE LEFT OF THE PANEL, HEADING RIGHT, AT THE REAR OF THE GROUP HERE. IN MID PANEL WE SEE YOUNG BILL HICKOK ASTRIDE HIS HORSE AS IT EXECUTES AN UNBELIEVABLE SHOWJUMPERS LEAP OVER ONE OF THE CARS IN ITS PATH. OVER TO THE RIGHT, ALREADY GALLOPING OFF DOWN THE INTERSECTION AND OFF THE RIGHT OF THE PANEL WE PERHAPS SEE THE BRIMSTONE KID AT THE HEAD OF THE GROUP, WITH LADY LASH AND KID THUNDER VISIBLE AS NECESSARY. IN THE FOREGROUND, THE OMEGAPLIS CITIZENS OUT ON THE STREET AT NIGHT POINT IN ASTONISHMENT AT THIS SPECTACLE.

NIGHT EAGLE : LADY LASH speaks TRULY!

NIGHT EAGLE : The LIGHT that swallowed us from our CAMPFIRE where we sat has spat us OUT into a world of evil SPIRITS!

WILD BILL : Mebbe NOT, NIGHTEAGLE! I done me some TIME-HOPPIN', and this looks mighty like AMERICA in a hunnerd or so years time!

PANEL 2.

NOW A SHOT FROM BEHIND THE RIDERS, PROBABLY FAIRLY CLOSE UP, AS THEY THUNDER AWAY FROM US ALONG THE CANYON OF LIGHTS AND UNDERLIT STATUES THAT IS THE NIGHT STREETS OF OMEGAPOLIS. OVER TO THE LEFT, THE BRIMSTONE KID IS LOOKING AROUND AT THE STREETS SURROUNDING THEM WITH A LOOK OF APPALLED HORROR. THE HOODED KID THUNDER, RIDING TO OUR RIGHT OF HIM, LOOKS AROUND WITH A MORE SANGUINE ATTITUDE. MORE TO OUR RIGHT STILL, LADY LASH TURNS TO LOOK AT HER FELLOW RIDERS WITH AN INCREDULOUS FROWN, ALMOST OUTRAGED THAT SHE IS BEING ASKED TO SWALLOW

PAGE 5.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

THIS COCK AND BULL STORY ABOUT TIME TRAVEL.

BRIMSTONE KID : A-As soon as THAT? But this looks like the Devil's HOME TOWN...and I should KNOW!

KID THUNDER : I dunno, Brimstone. Look at all the COLORED folk on the STREETS, dressed up FINE! Looks like SOME things got better...

LADY LASH : Hold on one consarned MINUTE! You say we're in the FUTURE? How can that BE?

PANEL 3.

NOW A SIDE ON SHOT FROM FAIRLY CLOSE UP OF THE HORSEMEN AS THEY RIDE PAST US WITH THE LIGHTS OF THE NIGHTIME OMEGAPOLIS CITYSCAPE SMEARING ON THE DARKNESS BEHIND THEM AS THEY RIDE BY FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, GLORIOUSLY INCONGRUOUS AGAINST THE NEON SIGNS THAT FLASH BY IN THE BACKGROUND. NIGHTEAGLE, BRINGING UP THE REAR, IS FURTHEST OVER TO OUR LEFT HERE. BILL HICKOK, RIDING IN FRONT OF HIM, SUDDENLY LOOKS ALARMED AS HE REMEMBERS THE JOB THEY HAD WAITING FOR THEM BACK IN THEIR OWN TIME PERIOD. WHICHEVER OTHER RIDERS YOU FEEL LIKE DRAWING ARE ALSO VISIBLE, THUNDERING ALONG THE STREET FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

NIGHT EAGLE : It is SORCERY! We'd gathered to prevent JERICHO FAUST and the renegade Shaman STOOPING SHADOW from working DARK MAGIC in OMEGAVILLE!

NIGHT EAGLE : They sought to pierce Eternity ITSELF! Perhaps that is what has brought us here?

WILD BILL : HECK! I'd plum FORGOT about FAUST and that MEDICINE MAN! Who'll stop 'em NOW?

PANEL 4.

NOW WE CHANGE ANGLE SO THAT WE'RE IN FRONT OF THE RIDERS AS THEY COME TOWARDS US DOWN THE GLEAMING NEON STREET, WITH KID THUNDER OVER IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, REINING IN HIS HORSE TO A HALT, NEAREST TO US. HE IS POINTING TO SOMETHIGN OFF PANEL IN THE FOREGROUND THAT WE CANNOT SEE. OVER INTHE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND WE CAN SEE THE OTHERS AS THEY RIDE UP BEHIND HIM, WITH THE BRIMSTONE KID OVER ON THE FAR LEFT AND THE OTHERS SCATTERED ABOUT AS DESIRED.

BRIMSTONE KID : Well, I'm damned if it's gonna be US, stuck in this here NIGHTMARE!

BRIMSTONE KID : Heck, come to think of it, I'm damned ANYWAYS!

KID THUNDER : Well, maybe we ARE a couple hundred years too late to do anything about FAUST and STOOPING SHADOW...

PAGE 6.

PANEL 1.

NOW A TWO PANEL PAGE, WITH THE FIRST PANEL BEING THE BIGGEST AND TAKING UP ROUGHLY THE TOP TWO THIRDS OF THE IMAGE AREA. IN THISD FIRST BIG PANEL, WE HAVE THE VARIOUS MOUNTED HEROES AND HEROINE REINING IN TH/EIR HORSE AND FACING AWAY FROM US DOWN IN THE BOTTOM FOREGROUND, ALL LOOKING UP IN BLANK ASTONISHMENT AT THE CITY INTERSECTION IN THE IMMEDIATE BACKGROUND, WHERE, OVER TO THE RIGHT, WE SEE A LARGE AND STATELY LOOKING BUILDING WITH A SIGN CARVED OVER ITS GRANITE FRONT THAT SAYS "OMEGAPOLIS BANK". ATTACKING THE BANK WITH THE BLASTER-CANNONS CONCEALED IN THEIR WALKING CANES WE SEE A CRACK SQUADRON OF THE AIRBORN *JACKETTES* THAT WE SAW LAST ISSUE, BEING A BUNCH OF LOVELY CHORUS GIRLS WEARING A GIRLY VARIATION OF THE COSTUME OF *JACK-A-DANDY*. THE GIRLS FLY BY USING THE JET OF THEIR CANES, AND ALSO USE THE CANES AS WEAPONS TO BLAST THE BANK, IF THAT'S VISUALLY PRACTICAL. IF NOT, THEY HANG ONTO THE FLYING CANES WITH ONE HAND AND USE SOME OTHER DANDYISH WEAPON TO BLAST THE BANK WITH. PERHAPS THEY HOLD UP THEIR MONOCLES WHICH RELEASE TIGHT BEAMS OF LASER LIGHT FROM SOME SORT OF HIGH TECH MICROCIRCUITRY HIDDEN IN THE LENS, WITH THE RAYS RAKING THE FRONT OF THE BANK'S FACADE, WHERE MAYBE WE SEE A COUPLE OF SECURITY GUARDS MAKING A HALF HEARTED ATTEMPT TO RETURN FIRE AND DEFEND THE BANK. THE SQUADRON OF AIRBORN JACKETTES HAS NOT YET NOTICED THE ARRIVAL OF THE WESTERN HEROES IN THE FOREGROUND. THE WESTERN HEROES JUST SIT ON THEIR HORSE IN THE FOREGROUND AND GAPE UP INCREDULOUSLY AT THE FLYING WOMEN WITH THEIR RAY-WEAPONS IN THE BACKGROUND. THE WHOLE NIGHT TIME CITY SCAPE OF THE BACKGROUND IS EERILY LIT BY THE FLASH OF THE RAY MONOCLES, THE JET BLAST FROM THE CANES AND THE GUNFIRE OF THE OUTNUMBERED SECURITY GUARDS.

KID THUNDER : ...but it looks like THIS century could use some help of its OWN!
WILD BILL : JEHOSAPHAT!
LEAD JACKETTE : ATTACK, JACKETTES! With YOUNGBLOOD disposed of, the MASTER has promised our CRIME WAVE shall be UNINTERUPTED!

PANEL 2.

IN THIS BOTTOM PANEL, WE CHANGE ANGLE SO THAT WE ARE LOOKING DOWN SLIGHTLY UPON THE MOUNTED WESTERN HEROES AS THEY SQUINT UP AT US, LOOKING UP INTO THE GLARE OF THE NOW OFF PANEL RAY BATTLE, ITS LIGHT FALLING ONTO THEIR UPTURNED FACES FROM OFF PANEL IN THE FOREGROUND. THE BRIMSTONE KID IS OVER ON OUR LEFT, LOOKING UP AT THE OFF PANEL FLYING WOMEN WITH AN ADMIRING WHISTLE, TILTING HIS HAT BACK RAKISHLY ON HIS HEAD. MORE TO OUR RIGHT, LADY LASH IS SCOWLING UP WITH A CONTEMPTUOUS SNEER AT THE OFF PANEL JACKETTES. OVER IN THE

PAGE 6.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

RIGHT FOREGROUND, WILD BILL HICKOK LOOKS MORE GRAVE AND SOMBRE AS HE GAZES UP INTO THE OFF PANEL LIGHT SOURCE CAUSED BY THE GUN AND RAY BATTLE THAT IS GOING ON.

BRIMSTONE KID : TARNATION! I guess that BANK ROBBERS got PURTIER since our day...but it looks like they're just as ORNERY!

LADY LASH : Huh! We'll soon whip these Dance-Hall HUSSIES into shape. Then we can figure how to get back to our own TIME!

WILD BILL : Let's HOPE so! 'Course, if Jericho FAUST can't be stopped...

WILD BILL : ...well, we won't have no "OWN TIME" to git BACK to!

PAGE 7.

PANEL 1.

A FOUR PANEL PAGE. WE CUT BACK TO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND THE SMALL TOWN OF OMEGAVILLE. WE HAVE VENTURED RIGHT INTO THE HEART OF THE TOWN HERE, SO THAT IS STREETS ARE ALL AROUND US. UP IN THE FOREGROUND WE SEE ONE OF THE LAST FAMILIES OF FLEEING TOWNSFOLK WITH THEIR BELONGINGS ON A CART, STRUGGLING TO GET OUT OF TOWN. THE SKY IS GETTING DARKER AND A STORM SEEMS TO BE RISING. THE SCUTTLING TOWNSFOLK IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND ARE HAVING TO HOLD THEIR HATS AND BONNETS ON AGAINST THE FORCE OF THE GALE, WITH LEAVES AND LITTER BLOWING THROUGH THE AIR AROUND THEM. OVER IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND WE CAN SEE YOUNGBLOOD, IN THEIR WESTERN DISGUISES, MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE ALMOST-DESERTED TOWN. THE RED INDIAN WHO IS REALLY SHAFT AND THE GUNSLINGER WHO IS REALLY JOHNNY PANIC WALK ALONG IN FRONT OF THE PAINTED MEDICINE-SHOW WAGON THAT IS REALLY BIG BROTHER, THE PAIR OF THEM PRETENDING TO PULL THE HANDLE AT THE FRONT OF THE MEDICINE WAGON, AS IF IT WERE THEM WHO WERE DRAGGING IT ALONG. THE THREE WOMANB OF THE GROUP WALK DEMURELY ALONGSIDE THE WAGON. EVERYONE IS GAZING TOWARDS THE FLEEING TOWNSFOLK IN THE FOREGROUND AND AT THE DARKENING SKY AND THE GATHERING STORM THAT IS BUILDING ALL AROUND THEM.
No Dialogue

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE. NOW WE HAVE THE MEDICINE WAGON OVER TO THE LEFT FOREGROUND, AS IF WE WERE JUST BEHIND AND TO ONE SIDE OF IT. STANDING BESIDE THE WAGON AND TOWARDS OUR LEFT FOREGROUND WE SEE THE DISGUISED TWILIGHT AND SUPREMA AS THEY BOTH GAZE OFF PANEL, LOOKING AT THE OFF PANEL TOWN SURROUNDING THEM AND LOOKING VAGUELY PUZZLED AND WORRIED, STRANDS OF THEIR HAIR BLOWING IN THE RISING WIND. LOOKING PAST THEM AND MORE TOWARDS THE CENTRE MIDDLEGROUND, WE SEE SHAFT AND JOHNNY PANIC, BOTH DIGUISED, AS THEY STAND AT THE

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

FRONT OF THE MEDICINE SHOW WAGON THEY ARE APPARENTLY DRAGGING. THEY ARE BOTH LOOKING UP AT A SOLITARY RIDER, A GRIZZLED OLD MAN ON A GRIZZLED HORSE WHO IS RIDING FRANTICALLY OUT OF TOWN IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION FROM THEM, HIS FRIGHTENED HORSE KICKING UP DUST AS HE COMES TOWARDS US ON IT, OVER TO THE RIGHT OF THE NEAR BACKGROUND. HE LOOKS HALF CRAZED HIMSELF AS HE CALLS OUT A WARNING IN PASSING TO THE CROWN OF RELATIVE YOUNGSTERS STANDING BY THE MEDICINE WAGON. BEHIND HIM, THE SKY IS BLACKENING INTO A PREOVERBIAL DARK AND STORMY NIGHT. LEAVES AND STRAWS AND LITTER BOWL THROUGH THE AIR ON THE GATHERING BREEZE.

TWILIGHT : I don't like how this STORM is rising...and why does everyone seem to be leaving TOWN?

GUY ON HORSE : HEY! Hey, are you folk LOCO? This ain't no place fer yer MEDICINE SHOW!

GUY ON HORSE : You best git outta OMEGAVILLE like everybody ELSE...afore JERICHO FAUST and that crazy INJUN calls up the Devil HISSELF!

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE. THE HORSEMAN HAS NOW RIDDEN PAST THE WAGON AND THE GROUP OF DISGUISED YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS STANDING NEAR IT AND IS COMING HELL FOR LEATHER TOWARDS US IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, ASTRIDE HIS GALLOPING HORSE, LEAVING THE MEDICINE WAGON OVER IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, WITH THE VARIOUS YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS GAZING AFTER THE RIDER AS HE GALLOPS PAST THEM. HE DOES NOT LOOK BACK AT THEM AS HE GALLOPS PAST THEM, CALLING OUT TO THEM AS HE GOES. HIS EYES ARE FULL OF TERRIBLE FEAR AND HE HOLDS HIS HAT ON HIS HEAD AGAINST THE BY NOW FEROCIOUS WIND.

SHAFT : The DEVIL? What do you MEAN?

GUY ON HORSE : I mean some HELL-VARMINT from afore CREATION! That DEVIL-PREACHER and his MEDICINE MAN buddy plans on bringin' it BACK!

GUY ON HORSE : We'd sent for HELP, but I guess it ain't COMIN'! You young 'uns take my ADVICE an' high-tail it OUTTA here!

PANEL 4.

CHANGE ANGLE AGAIN. THE MEDICINE WAGON IS NOW COMING TOWARDS US, UP TOWARDS THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, WITH THE DISGUISED DOC ROCKET, SUPREMA AND TWILIGHT WALKING ALONG BESIDE IT, ALL LOOKING BACK TOWARDS THE GUY ON THE HORSE, WHO IS NOW A DISTANT FIGURE RISING OFF THROUGH THE EMPTY TOWN IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND. DOC ROCKET , SUPREMA AND MAYBE JOHNNY PANIC ARE LOOKING BACK TOWARDS THE RIDER FROM SOMEWHERE NEAR THE RIGHT CENTRE OF THE MIDDLEGROUND. UP IN THE RIGHT

PAGE 7.

PANEL 4. (FROM OVER)

FOREGROUND, SHAFT AND MAYBE A STARTLED LOOKING TWILIGHT ARE NO LONGER LOOKING AT THE DEPARTING RIDER, BUT ARE GAZING IN SHOCK AT SOMETHING OFF PANEL IN THE FOREGROUND THAT WE CANNOT AS YET SEE. SHAFT POINTS OUT OF THE PANEL AT US, POINTING AT WHATEVER IT IS IN ALARM. JUST BEHIND HIM, GAZING WIDE EYED IN THE SAME DIRECTION, TWILIGHT RAISES ONE HAND TO HER MOUTH IN SCHOOL-MARMISH SURPRISE THAT IS COMPLETELY IN KEEPING WITH HOW SHE'S DRESSED. IT'S COMPLETELY DARK BY NOW. NIGHT AND THE STORM HAVE COMPLETELY DESCENDED. INCIDENTALLY, YOUNGBLOOD HAVE WALKED PRETTY WELL ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE SMALL TOWN SINCE THEY ENTERED IT ON THE OTHER SIDE BACK ON PAGE THREE, BRINGING THEM ALMOST TO THE OUTSKIRTS ON THE OTHER SIDE NOW.

DOC ROCKET : Well, HE seemd pretty BUMMED! Hey, he said Omegaville had sent for HELP that didn't ARRIVE! You don't think that abandoned CAMPFIRE we found..?

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE, FROM WAGON) : Hey, don't ask ME. I'm a covered WAGON. Looks to ME like the whole TOWN'S either DRUNK or NUTS!

SHAFT : Uh..maybe NOT! Look THERE, on the OUTSKIRTS...

PAGE 8.

PANEL 1.

NOW A TWO PANEL PAGE, WITH THIS FIRST PANEL THE BIGGEST. IN THE FOREGROUND, TO EITHER SIDE, WE CAN SEE MAYBE JUST THE ARMS AND THE SIDES OF A COUPLE OF THE ASSMEBLED DISGUISED YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS AS THEY STAND JUST OFF PANEL TO EITHER SIDE FACING AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND. IN THE BACKGROUND, WE ARE LOOKING OUT TO THE ROCKY AND DARKENED OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN. UPON A LOW RISE OF ROCK SOME WAY OFF INTO THE NEAR BACKGROUND, BENEATH THE DARK AND CURDELED STORMCLOUDS THAT FILL THE WIND-RAKED SKY ABOVE, WE SEE TWO FIGURES STANDING, ONE TO EITHER SIDE OF THE ROCK PLATFORM AND BOTH TURNED TO FACE SLIGHTLY AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND VISIBLE BETWEEN THEM. THE FIGURE ON THE LEFT IS BLACK CLAD PREACHER WITH A WHITE DOG-COLLAR AND A LONG BLACK TAIL-COAT. HE IS THIN, BALDING AND SPINDLY, LIKE SOME SORT OF GROTESQUE SPIDER, AND HE HOLDS A BIG BLACK BOOK THAT LOOKS A LITTLE LIKE A BIBLE BUT IS PROBABLY SOME ANCIENT GRIMOIRE OF OCCULT SPELLS CLENCHED BENEATH ONE ARM. HE HAS HIS OTHER ARM AND HAND RAISED IN A SPELL-CASTING GESTURE, POINTING TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND. THIS IS THE SATANIC PREACHER ***JERICHO FAUST***, AN ENEMY OF THE BRIMSTONE KID'S THAT WE'VE NEVER PREVIOUSLY SEEN.

PAGE 8.

PANEL 1, (FROM OVER)

OVER TO OUR RIGHT OF THE ROCK PLATFORM IS THE FIGURE OF AN OLD INDIAN MEDICINE MAN, LAME IN ONE LEG, WHO SUPPORTS HIMSELF UPON A PRIMITIVE WOODEN CRUTCH MADE FROM A POLISHED TREE BRANCH. HE IS WIZENED AND EVIL LOOKING, AND HUNG ABOUT WITH BEADS AND BLACK FEATHERS AND LITTLE POUCHES AND FETISH OBJECTS MADE FROM ANIMAL PARTS. I FIGURE HE ALSO ONLY HAS ONE EYE, ALTHOUGH WE PROBABLY CAN'T SEE THAT HERE, WITH A TERRIBLE SCAR RUNNING STRAIGHT ACROSS HIS FACE FROM BROW TO CHEEK AND BISECTING THE EMPTY SOCKET. IN THE HAND THAT ISN'T HOLDING HIS CRUTCH HE HOLDS A LONG WOODEN CANE SHAPED LIKE A SNAKE, HOLDING IT WITH THE CARVED HEAD POINTING AWAY FROM HIM TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND IN THE SAME DIRECTION AS JERICHO FAUST IS GESTURING. MAYBE FEATHERS AND BEADS HANG FROM THE CANE IN SINISTER DECORATION. THIS RENEGADE MEDICINE MAN IS A PREVIOUSLY UNSEEN ENEMY OF NIGHTEAGLE CALLED ***STOOPING SHADOW***. IMMEDIATELY BEHIND AND BETWEEN THE TWO SORCERORS AS THEY FACE ROUGHLY AWAY FROM US AND THE OFF PANEL YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS IN THE FOREGROUND, WE SEE A DAZZLING SPECIAL EFFECT OF PULSING LIGHT. AT THE CENTRE OF THE EFFECT THERE IS DOOR-SHAPED RECTANGLE OF BLANK BRIGHT WHITENESS, BUT RADIATING OUT ALL AROUND IT THERE ARE CURDLING SORCEROUS ENERGIES IS SOME SORT OF SPECTACULAR COLOR/ OPTICAL EFFECT, OR WHATEVER YOU FEEL LIKE DRAWING, STEVE, BASICALLY. AS WELL AS THE UNEARTHLY LIGHT RADIATING FROM THIS FREAKISH WARP-DOORWAY, IT ALSO SEEMS TO BE THE SOURCE OF THE FIERCE SUPERNATURAL WIND THAT HOWLS TOWARDS US FROM IT. JERICHO FAUST AND STOOPING SHADOW BOTH STAND BRACED AGAINST THE WIND AS IT RIPS AT THEIR HAIR AND CLOTHING, SQUINTING INTO THE WEIRD BRILLIANCE OF THE LIGHT SOURCE THAT HANGS THERE VSUSPENDED IN THE DESERT AIR JUST BEYOND THEM. BOTH MEN LOOK PLEASED BY THE RESULT THAT THEY HAVE CONJURED UP BETWEEN THEM. FAUST IS CACKLING MANIACALLY.

JERICHO FAUST : HA HA HA! It's WORKING, STOOPING SHADOW! My BLACK ARTS and your primitive SORCERY are opening the TIME DOOR we discovered here outside OMEGAVILLE!

JERICHO FAUST : We can bring back the ELDER ONE! I thought that damned BRIMSTONE KID or your nemesis NIGHTEAGLE might try STOPPING us, but they're too LATE!

STOOPING SHADOW : SILENCE, you they call JERICHO FAUST! The ANCIENT FATHER is approaching! He comes from BELOW, as up many STAIRS!

STOOPING SHADOW : N'gaa Y'golonac TEKELI-LI! Rhan Tegath DHO-NA, yb Shoggoth F'HTAGN!

PAGE 8.

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE SO THAT NOW WE CANNOT SEE JERICHO FAUST OR STOOPING SHADOW, WHO ARE NOW OFF PANEL IN THE FOREGROUND IMMEDIATELY BEHIND US. WE ARE LOOKING AT THE DISGUISED YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS AS THEY STAND THERE WITH THE DARKENED AND DESERTED TOWN BEHIND THEM, FANNED OUT ACROSS THE FOREGROUND WITH THE MEDICINE WAGON THAT IS REALLY BIG BROTHER HULKING AT THE REAR. THE DISGUISED JOHNNY PANIC IS OVER ON THE LEFT, WITH SHAFT OVEER TOWARDS THE RIGHT AND THE THREE WOMEN WHEREVER YOU WANT. ALL OF THEM ARE GAZING UPWARDS AND OFF PANEL AT FAUST AND STOOPING SHADOW, ALL WEARING SIMILAR LOOKS OF AWE AND ALARM. SHAFT, OVER IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, LOOKS GRIM AND DETERMINED AS HE SQUINTS INTO THE OFF PANEL UNEARTHLY RADIANCE THAT IS FALING FROM ABOVE TO LIGHT ALL THEIR UPTURNED FACES WEIRDLY.

JOHNNY PANIC : D-Did he say "TIME DOOR"? But the CLOCK TOWER is back on the other side of TOWN!

JOHNNY PANIC : There can't be TWO Timewarps outside Omegaville...CAN there?

SHAFT : I don't know. I've just got a feeling that our ARRIVAL here might have DISPLACED the people who were meant to STOP this!

SHAFT : WHATEVER Century we're in, it's up to us to put that RIGHT!

PAGE 9.

PANEL 1.

NOW A THREE PANEL PAGE, WITH THIS FIRST PANEL PROBABLY THE BIGGEST. IN IT WE HAVE REVERSED ANGLES AGAIN SO THAT WE ARE NOW ONCE MORE BEHIND THE YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS AS THEY FACE AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THE TWO MAGICIANS AND THEIR WARP DOORWAY, WHICH IS VISIBLE OVER IN THE BACKGROUND. THE MEDICINE WAGON WHICH IS ACTUALLY BIG BORTHER IS PROBABLY LOOMING INTO THE PICTURE IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, JUST PARTLY VISIBLE TO SHOW THAT ITS STILL THERE. IN THE BACKGROUND, PERHAPS BY SOME SORT OF TRANSLUCENT SUPERMPOSITION COLOR EFFECT, WE SEE WHAT LOOKS LIKE LIQUID GOLDEN LIGHT, VISCOUS AND FLOATING LIKE THE WAX IN LAVA LAMPS. THE CENTRAL GLOBULE IS SQUEEZING ITSELF THROUGH THE BRIGHT RECTANGULAR DOORWAY OF LIGHT THAT FAUST AND STOOPING SHADOW HAVE EVIDENTLY CONJURED UP. WHEN WE GET TO SEE THIS GOLEN LIGHT-THING CLOSER UP LATER, IT WILL HAVE HIDEOUS SEMI-HUMAN FACES FORMING AND RESUBMERGING ALL OVER ITS CENTRAL BOILING GOLDEN MASS, WITH TENTACLES COILING OUTWARDS BEFORE BEING RETRACTED, BUT EVEN FROM THIS DISTANCE IT STILL LOOKS PRETTY SCARY. SUPREMA, STILL DISGUISED IN CLOTHING LIKE THE WOMAN FROM AMERICAN GOTHIC, RISES INTO THE AIR WITH HER FISTS CLENCHED, LOOKING GRIM AND DETERMINED AS SHE GLARES TOWARDS THE SOURCE OF THE GOLDEN SUPERNATURAL FLOATING GOOP IN THE BACKGROUND. MORE TOWARDS THE RIGHT WE SEE DOC ROCKET HUGGING HER OWN SHOULDERS AND

PAGE 9.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

LOOKING A LITTLE SCARED. MAYBE EVERYONE'S BREATH IS STARTING TO FOG ON THE AIR AS THE TEMPERATURE SUDDENLY PLUMMETS. TOWARDS THE RIGHT, TWILIGHT HITCHES UP THE SKIRTS OF HER DISGUISE AS SHE RUNS VALIANTLY FORWARD TOWARDS THE TWO SORCERORS IN THE BACKGROUND AND THE EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL GOD-MONSTER THAT THEY ARE CONJURING THROUGH THE GLOWING WHITE TIME-DOORWAY.

SUPREMA : Well, it's HARDLY as if we've got a CHOICE! Look at that THING squeezing itself out through the TIME DOOR!

DOC ROCKET : Oh jeez. I-It's like some sort of boiling golden LIQUID! And...and everything's getting COLDER!

TWILIGHT : Aw, HELL! I HATE Supernatural stuff! I hated when me and PROF. NIGHT faced it back in the 'FIFTIES, and I hate it NOW!

TWILIGHT : Let's bring this one down FAST, guys!

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE. NOW THE PORTAL WITH ITS EMERGING GOLDEN LIGHT-CREATURE IS OFF PANEL SOMEWHERE BEHIND US IN THE FOREGROUND, AND ALL WE CAN SEE OF IT IS ITS LIGHT AS IT RADIATES IN TO FALL UPON JERICHO FAUST AND STOOPING SHADOW AS THEY STAND ON THEIR ROCKY PLATFORM IN THE FOREGROUND, FACING MORE OR LESS TOWARDS US. JERICHO FAUST LOOKS BACK NERVOUSLY OVER HIS SHOULDER AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND OF THE PANEL, WHERE WE SEE THE ASSEMBLED DISGUISED YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS COMING TOWARDS US WITH GRIM AND PURPOSEFUL EXPRESSIONS AS THEY CLOSE UPON THE TWO BAD GUYS. DOC ROCKET, IN HER BUCKSKIN ANNIE OAKLEY SKIRT AND HAT, IS RACING TOWARDS US AT BLINDING SPEED IN A BLUR OF SPEEDLINES, WHILE SUPREMA FLIES THROUGH THE AIR IN HER FARMER'S WIFE GEAR. SHAFT IS MAYBE SLOTTING AN ARROW INTO HIS BOW AS HE RUNS TOWARDS THE TWO SORCERORS. THE MEDICINE WAGON IS IN THE BACKGROUND BEHIND THE APPROACHING GROUP. WE CAN'T REALLY TELL WHETHER ITS TRUNDLING FORWARD ON ITS OWN OR NOT. OVER TO THE RIGHT, A GRIM AND VENGEFUL-LOOKING STOOPING SHADOW TURNS TOWARDS THE APPROACHING HEROES IN THE BACKGROUND AND POINTS HIS SNAKE STAFF TOWARDS THEM. ITS STARTS TO GLOW WITH AN EVIL AND POISONOUS-LOOKING ENERGY AS HE DIRECTS IT TOWARDS THE YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS.

JERICHO FAUST : By our dark MASTER! I spoke too SOON! The Brimstone KID and his companions have arrived to...

JERICHO FAUST : WAIT! I don't see the KID, or NIGHTEAGLE, or Lady LASH, or ANYONE I recognise! These people are STRANGERS!

STOOPING SHADOW : No MATTER! They shall not disrupt our CEREMONY! May the FIRE SPIRIT be UPON them!

PAGE 9.

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE AGAIN SO THAT NOW WE SEE FAUST AND STOOPING SHADOW IN THE BACKGROUND, WITH THE MAGLIGNANT-LOOKING STOOPING SHADOW DIRECTING A BOLT OF GREEN MAGICAL FIRE OUT OF THE END OF HIS SNAKE STAFF SO THAT CRACKLES TOWARDS THE FOREGROUND AND EXPLODES IN A HAIL OF GREEN SPARKS AGAINST THE AIRBORN FORM OF SUPREMA, WHO FLINCHES IN PAIN FROM THIS MAGICAL ASSAULT, WHICH IS ACTUALLY CAPABLE OF HARMING HER. SOMEWHERE CLOSER TO US, DOWN TOWARDS THE FOREGROUND AND CLOSER TO OUR RIGHT, WE SEE DOC ROCKET AND TWILIGHT. DOC ROCKET LOOKS UP AT SUPREMA IN ALARM AS SUPREMA GETS HIT BY THE GREEN FIRE. TWILIGHT, HURRYING ALONG BESIDE DOC ROCKET, HAS A GRIM EXPRESSION ON HER FACE AS SHE REPLIES. MAYBE WE CAN SEE JOHNNY PANIC AND SHAFT RACING TOWARDS THE TWO SORCERORS SOMEWHERE IN THE BACKGROUND. IF NOT, LEAVE THEM OUT.

SUPREMA : AOW! I FELT that!

DOC ROCKET : This is getting HEAVY! Do you really think the guys who were meant to PREVENT this got sent to 1998 instead of US?

TWILIGHT : I don't know, Rachel, but if they DID, I ENVY them!

TWILIGHT : Right now they must be sitting back and taking it EASY...

PAGE 10.

PANEL 1.

NOW A TWO PANEL PAGE, WITH THIS FIRST PANEL THE BIGGEST. WE CUT BACK TO THE CENTRE OF NEON-LIT NIGHTTIME OMEGAPOLIS IN 1998 FOR A BIG SPECTACULAR SHOT OF THE ASSEMBLED WESTERN HEROES IN PITCHED BATTLE WITH THE FLYING JACKETTES. THE WESTERN HEROES CAN EITHER STILL BE RIDING THEIR HORSES, OR CAN HAVE DISMOUNTED AND TETHERED THEIR HORSES SOMEWHERE, AS YOU SEE FIT. TOWARDS THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND, LADY LASH FACES US, WITH A SMILE ON HER WIDE RED LIPS. SHE HAS USED HER WHIP TO COIL AROUND THE ANKLE OF ONE OF THE FLYING, CANE-POWERED JACKETTES, SO THAT THE JACKETTE IN QUESTION PERFORMS A PARABOLIC POWER DIVE STRAIGHT INTO A PARKED CAR OR A TRASHCAN OR SOMETHING, KNOCKING HERSELF UNCONSCIOUS. MORE TOWARDS THE MIDDLE OF THE PANEL WE SEE THE BRIMSTONE KID FANNING HIS GUN AS HE BLOWS ONE OF THE FLYING JACKETTE'S POWER CANES TO PIECES WITH A FEW WELL PLACED BULLETS SO THAT STARTS TO FALL FROM THE AIR, ROBBED OF ITS POWER. OVER TO THE RIGHT, KID THUNDER MAYBE LEAPS UP OUT OF THE SADDLE OF HIS WHITE HORSE LIGHTNING TO BODILY TACKLE ONE OF THE SURPRISED LOOKING KACKETTES IN MID AIR. OTHER JACKETTES SWOOP IN FROM THE BACKGROUND, LOOKING VENGEFUL AS THEY FIRE RAY BLASTS FROM THEIR CANES TOWARDS US AND THE WESTERN HEROES IN THE FOREGROUND. UP TO YOU WHETHER WE CAN SEE WILD BILL OR NIGHT EAGLE HERE, BUT IF WE CAN THEY STAND FIGHTING OFF THE FLYING

PAGE 10.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

JACKETTES SOMEWHERE OVER IN THE BACKGROUND, WITH THE TALL UNDERLIT BUILDINGS OF OMEGAPOLIS RISING UP ON EVERY SIDE AND A RIOT OF NEON LIGHTS DAZZLING THEM FROM ALL QUARTERS.

LADY LASH : HECK! These jezebels think they're slicker'n snot on a DOOR-KNOB! I guess we sure took 'em down a peg or two!

BRIMSTONE KID : It ain't over YET, Lash, darlin'! These honeys got some mean FIRE-POWER in them trick CANES o' theirs, and there's a whole MESS of 'em!

KID THUNDER : I hear ya, Brimstone! I ain't never shot me a WOMAN, but it's sure hard bringin' 'em down without HARMIN' 'em!

PANEL 2.

CUT TO WILD BILL AND NIGHT EAGLE'S PART OF THE BATTLE. THEY ARE BOTH DOWN IN THE BACKGROUND, LOOKING UP TOWARDS US. UP IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND WE SEE A FLYING JACKETTE BEING KNOCKED OUT BY AN OVERHEAD HANGING SIGN WHICH WILD BILL HICKOK HAS JUST NEATLY SHOT OFF OF ITS HINGES FROM HIS POSITION IN THE NEAR BACKGROUND. NIGHTEAGLE, STANDING BESIDE HIM, IS THROWING A HANDFUL OF POWDER FROM ONE OF HIS POUCHES INTO THE EYES OF THE ATTACKING JACKETTE WHO HOVERS NEAR HIM, BLINDING AND DISABLING HER. IN THE BACKGROUND WE CAN MAYBE SEE THE OTHER WESTERN HEROES STILL FIGHTING WITH THE SWARM OF FLYING JACKETTES. RAY BLASTS FROM THE JACKETTES CANES SHOOT EVERYWHERE, HAZARDOUS AND DEADLY AS THEY BLASY THINGS TO FRAGMENTS.

WILD BILL : Looks like these city slickers got us OUTNUMBERED and OUTGUNNED, Nighteagle!

WILD BILL : There's gotta be some way that we can get the DROP on 'em!

NIGHTEAGLE : You speak TRULY, Bill Hickok!

NIGHTEAGLE : These BIRD-WOMEN are but BRAVES! We must find the Great CHIEF for whom they RIDE!

PAGE 11.

PANEL 1.

NOW ANOTHER FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE HAVE WILD BILL HICKOK UP TOWARDS THE LEFT FOREGROUND, HIS GUNS SMOKING AS HE FACES TOWARDS US. HE GLANCES BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER TOWARDS NIGHTEAGLE, WHO IS STANDING A LITTLE WAY BEYOND HIM AND MORE TO THE RIGHT OF OUR PANEL. NIGHT EAGLE IS RAISING ONE HAND AND GESTURING TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND, SENDING A BOLT OF MYSTICAL ENERGY TOWARDS ONE OF THE JACKETTES, WHO WE SEE OVER TOWARDS THE RIGHT BACKGROUND. THE BOLD OF LUMINOUS FIRE ENVELOPES HER HEAD, AND WE SEE HER EYES AND EXPRESSION GO BLANK AS SHE FALLS UNDER ITS POWERFUL SPELL. MAYBE SHE DROPS HER WALKING CANE AND IS STAGGERED IN HER TRACKS BY THE FORCE OF THE OCCULT ENERGY.

PAGE 11.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

WILD BILL : Oh? And how you plan on DOIN' that, exactly, pardner?
NIGHTEAGLE : I am MASTER MAGUS of our own time. I have sat at the GREAT TABLE.
NIGHTEAGLE : There is no MIND that will not OPEN, as a BOOK, before my POWER...
JACKETTE : unnghh...

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE SO THAT WE NOW HAVE THE DAZED AND HYPNOTIZED-LOOKING JACKETTE UP IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, MAYBE HALF FIGURE TO HEAD AND SHOULDERS, STARING DAZEDLY INTO SPACE, THE COLORED MYSTICAL BALL OF ENERGY STILL ENGULFING HER HEAD IN ITS TRANSLUCENT GLOW. THE ENRGY BALL IS CONNECTED BY A TRAIL OF ENERGY TO THE SPREAD, CLAW-LIKE HAND OF NIGHTEAGLE, WHO IS FURTHER BACK INTO THE PANEL AND SLIGHTLY MORE TOWARDS OUR LEFT HERE AS HE INTERROGATES THE JACKETTE, GAZING AT HER WITH HIS IMPASSIVE BUFFALO-LIKE MASK. WILD BILL STANDS TOWARDS THE LEFT BACKGROUND, LOOKING ON AT NIGHTEAGLE AND THE MESEMERIZED JACKETTE IN AMAZEMENT. MAYBE BEHIND THIS, IN THE FAR BACKGROUND, WE CAN SEE THE BATTLE STILL GOINMG ON BETWEEN THE BRIMSTONE KID, KID THUNDER, LADY LASH AND ALL THE OTHER JACKETTES, AGAINST A BACKDROP OF THE OMEGAPOLIS SKYSCRAPERS.

WILD BILL :Holy SMOKE! What did you DO to that there little lady, Nighteagle?
NIGHTEAGLE : I am in her thoughts now. She cannot FIGHT me.
NIGHTEAGLE : Tell us who SENT you, little one, and then the fear shall CEASE.
JACKETTE : The...the DANDY...h-he issues our ORDERS...from the ASYLUM...

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE AGAIN. MAYBE WE JUST SEE A LITTLE OF THE STILL MESEMRIZED JACKETTE JUST VISIBLE ENTERING THE PANEL IN THE EXTREME LEFT FOREGROUND, WITH MOST OF HER OFF-PIC. LOOKING BEHIND HER, WE SEE THE PHYSICAL BODY OF NIGHTEAGLE SUDDENLY SEEM TO GROW WEAK AND TO COLLAPSE, SLUMPING SLOWLY BACKWARDS INTO THE WAITING ARMS OF WILD BILL HICKOK WHO IS STANDING RIGHT BEHIND THE INDIAN SHAMAN. HICKOK LOOKS SURPRISED AS HE CATACHES NIGHTEAGLE'S COLLAPSING BODY. AS NIGHTEAGLE'S PHYSICAL FORM COLLAPSES, A STRANGE WHITE ECTOPLASMIC SHAPE BILLOWS UP OUT OF IT, LIKE A CLOUD OF ASTRAL GAS THAT IS PARTLY FORMED INTO A LARGER AND MORE VAPOROUS IMAGE OF NIGHTEAGLE ITSELF. ITS A BIT LIKE WHEN DOCTOR STRANGE USED TO SEND OUT HIS ETHERIC DOUBLE, ONLY HERE THE DOUBLE IS LARGER, MORE CLOUDY AND ALTOGETHER WEIRDER AND MORE SPOOKY LOOKING. LADY LASH, RUNNING UP FROM THE RIGHT BACKGROUND, IS GAPING INCREDULOUSLY AT THE PHANTOM SHAPE AS

IT BILLOWS UP OUT OF NIGHTEAGLE'S COLLAPSING BODY. MAYBE IN THE BACKGROUND

PAGE 11.

PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

BEHIND LASH WE CAN STILL SEE THE BRIMSTONE KID AND KID THUNDER FIGHTING WITH THE JACKETTES. THE TOWERS OF OMEGAPOLIS RISE UP ALL AROUND US.

NIGHTEAGLE : It is ENOUGH! I have his IMAGE, in my HEART!

NIGHTEAGLE : My SPIRIT-SELF shall FIND him!

WILD BILL : Well, I'll be danged...

LADY LASH : Good God Almighty! What in Hell is that SHAPE comin' out of our REDSKIN buddy?

PANEL 4.

CHANGE ANGLE, SO THAT NOW WE ARE LOOKING DOWN ON THE SCENE FROM ABOVE. RUSHING UP TOWARDS US IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND WE SEE THE BILLOWING CLOUD OF ECTOPLASM THAT HAS THE VAPOROUS ASTRAL BUFFALO-SKULL FEATURES OF NIGHTEAGLE HIMSELF ONM THE FRONT OF IT, AS THE SPIRIT-SHAPE RUSHES UPWARDS INTO THE OMEGAPOLIS NIGHT. DOWN BELOW AND MORE TOWARDS OUR LEFT OF THE BACKGROUND, WE SEE LADY LASH AND WILD BILL BOTH LOOK UP TOWARDS US AND THE DEPARTING SPIRIT SHAPE WITH LOOKS OF WIDE-EYED AWE. WILD BILL IS STILL CRADLING THE NOW-TOTALLY UNCONSCIOUS BODY OF NIGHT EAGLE IN HIS ARMS AS HE GAZES UP AFTER THE SHAMASN'S DEPARTING SPIRIT. THE PARALYSED JACKETTE IS MAYBE ALSO VISIBLE STANDING SOMEWHERE TO ONE SIDE, DOWN ON THE SIDEWALK BENEATH US.

WILD BILL : It's Nighteagle's SPIRIT-SELF, Lash! He's sent it out after whoever's CONTROLLIN' these gals...

WILD BILL : ...and it's gonna FIND 'em, as sure as a flyin' ARROW!

PAGE 12.

PANEL 1.

NOW A THREE PANEL PAGE, WITH THIS FIRST PANEL PROBABLY THE BIGGEST. WE CUT SUDDENLY TO JACKA DANDY'S CELL AT HE MISKATONC MENTAL ASYLUM. THE DANDY HIMSELF IS COWERING IN A CORNER, HIS BLOODSHOT EYES WIDE AND PERHAPS HIS RATTY ORANGE WIG ASKEW. HE IS SCREAMING UNCONTROLLABLY IN HORROR, HIS EYES FIXED ON THE TERRIFYING SPECTRAL SHAPE OF NIGHTEAGLE'S SPIRIT SELF AS IT SUDDENLY APPEARS IN THE SHADOWY CELL IN FRONT OF THE PATRIFIED DANDY, ITS BUFFALO SKULL EYES BURNING INTO THE DANDY'S OWN FROM WITHIN THE VAPOUROUS SOCKETS.

JACK A DANDY : *AAAAAAAAAA!*

JACK A DANDY : *EEEAAAAAAAAA!*

JACK A DANDY : Oh, how BEASTLY! Someone take it AWAY!

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE. NOW WE SEE JACK UP CLOSE, HEAD AND SHOULDERS MAYBE, AS HE COWERS IN THE CORNER, UP TOWARDS OUR RIGHT FOREGROUND. HE IS LOOKING NERVOUSLY TOWARDS THE NEAR LEFT

PAGE 12.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

BACKGROUND WHERE THE VAPOUROUS SHAPE OF NIGHTEAGLE HOVERS EERILY AND MENACINGLY WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THE DANDY'S CELL. BEADS OF SWEAT STAND OUT ON THE DANDY'S FOREHEAD. HE IS CLEARLY TERRIFIED OF THE SUPERNATURAL. MAYBE WE SHOULD GIVE NIGHTEAGLE'S SPIRIT DOUBLE A DIFFERENT SORT OF LETTERING TO SUGGEST THE EERIE AND SEPULCHRAL TONE OF HIS VOICE.

NIGHT EAGLE (EERIE) : I shall NEVER go away, wretched little mortal! I shall be with you ALWAYS, until you call off the PLAGUE you've brought upon the CITY!

NIGHT EAGLE (EERIE) : Then the TRICK that has been played with TIME must be put RIGHT!

JACK A DANDY : A-ALLRIGHT! Allright, I'll call off my JACKETTES and end their CRIME SPREE...

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE AGAIN, SO THAT WE'RE NOW SLIGHTLY BEHIND THE HOVERING, LUMINOUS, VAPOROUS MASS THAT IS NIGHT EAGLE'S SPIRIT SHAPE, WHICH IS SOMEWHERE UP IN OUR LEFT FOREGROUND. WE ARE LOOKING PAST IT TOWARDS THE COWERING, TREMBLING JACK A DANDY AS HE SHIVERS AND GROVELS IN THE CORNWER OF HIS CELL, STARING AT THE SHAMAN'S SPIRIT-SELF IN PURE, FROZEN TERROR.

JACK-A-DANDY : ..b-but as for the TIME-SWITCH, I can't do ANYTHING!

JACK A DANDY : I-I caused it by sending some FOES of mine back to the PAST, but the device I USED selected the time-period at RANDOM!

JACK A DANDY : D-Dear BOY, they could be absolutely ANYWHERE!

PAGE 13.

PANEL 1.

NOW A FOUR PANEL PAGE AS WE CUT BACK TO YOUNGBLOOD BACK IN THE OLD WEST. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE SEE A FEW MEMBERS OF YOUNGBLOOD IN PITCHED BATTLE WITH THE LOVECRAFTIAN GOLDEN LIGHT-GLOBULE CREATURE THAT HAS BY NOW POURED ITSELF OUT OF THE GLOWING TIME-DOOR. WE ARE UP CLOSER TO THE CREATURE HERE, AND CAN MAYBE SEE THE HIDEOUS DISTORTED SEMI-HUMAN FACES THAT APPEAR ON THE SURFACE OF ITS BOILING GOLDEN MASS ONLY TO DISSOLVE AGAIN AND FORM A FACE EVEN MORE HIDEOUS AND LEERING. SUPREMA, HOVERING IN MID AIR, IS OVER SOMEWHERE TO OUR LEFT HERE, ATTACKING THE CREATURE THAT FILLS MOST OF THE BACKGROUND WITH HER FISTS AND HER HEAT VISION, BOTH SEEMINGLY TO NO AVAIL. SHE IS STILL CONCEALED BY HER FARMER'S WIFE DISGUISE. SOMEWHERE TOWARDS THE CENTRE OF THE FOREGROUND, FACING AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THE EMBATTLED CREATURE IN THE BACKGROUND. JOHNNY IS TOUCHING PERHAPS ONE OF THE SILVER

BUTTONS ON HIS GUNFIGHTER GARB, AND AS HE DOES SO WE SEE THE HOLOGRAM ILLUSION OF GUNFIGHTERS CLOTHING START TO BREAK UP AND FALL AWAY FROM HIM. OVER ON THE RIGHT, WE SEE BIG BROTHER,

PAGE 13

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

WHO IS STRIPPED NOW OF HIS MEDICINE WAGON DISGUISE, AS HE WADES POWERFULLY TOWARDS THE GLOWING LIGHT-MONSTER, HIS LARGE METAL FISTS CLENCHED. THE IDEA OF HAVING THE THREE HEROES FROM LEFT TO RIGHT IN DIFFERENT STAGES OF THEIR DISGUISE IS TO SORT OF ILLUSTRATE A THREE STEP MOTION BY USING THREE DIFFERENT CHARACTERS AND THE SENSE OF ELAPSED TIME AS THE READERS EYE MOVES ACROSS THE PANEL FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

SUPREMA : We're in TROUBLE!

SUPREMA : This is an entity from before TIME! It's impervious to anything we can THROW at it!

JOHNNY PANIC : It's also pretty unimpressed by our DISGUISES! I may as well DROP them!

BIG BROTHER : Good. I was just trying to imagine a MEDICINE WAGON getting in a FIGHT, and it didn't really WORK, y'know?

PANEL 2.

NOW WE CUT TO A SHOT OF JERICHO FAUST AND STOOPING SHADOW AS THEY STAND GLOATING ON THEIR ROCK PLATFORM, LOOKING DOWN AT THE BATTLE GOING ON OFF PANEL IN THE FOREGROUND, THE HELLISH GOLDEN LIGHT OF THE OFF PANEL CREATURE UNDERLIGHTING THEIR VILLAINOUS FACES. JERICHO FAUST IN ON THE LEFT, HIS BIG BLACK BOOKS OF SPELLS NOW HELD BEFORE HIM IN HIS HANDS AS HE HOLDS IT UP TO DISPLAY IT, GRINNING INSANELY. STOOPING SHADOW STANDS BESIDE HIM, ALSO CACKLING AS THEY BOTH STAND BENEATH THE DESERT STARS.

FAUST : You struggle in VAIN, fools! The ELDER ONE is a STAR-BORN thing from Earth's remote PAST!

FAUST : It's RAGE at being conjured from its own WORLD and TIME will DESTROY you!

FAUST : It is compelled to obey my BOOK OF DYZAN, so that WE shall not be the ones it HARMS!

PANEL 3.

EXACTLY THE SAME SHOT AS LAST PANEL, SHOWING THE TWO WARLOCKS STANDING FACING US. FROM OFF PANEL RIGHT, IN A STREAK OF SPEEDLINES, AN ARROW ENTERS THE PANELS, STREAKS ACROSS TO NEALY IMPALE THE BIG BLACK BOOK OF SPELLS AND CARRYING IT OUT OF JERICHO FAUST'S HAND, CARRYING THE BOOK ON A TRAJECTORY THAT IS ABOUT TO TAKE IT OFF THE LEFT HAND BORDER OF THE PANEL. JERICHO FAUST AND STOOPING SHADOW LOOK DOWN IN ALMOST COMICAL ASTONISHMENT AT THE ARROW AS IT RIPS THE BOOK FROM THEIR GRASP. SHAFT'S BALLOON ENTERS THE PANEL FROM OFF PANEL RIGHT, WHERE THE ARROW COMES FROM.

SHAFT (OFF, RIGHT) : Villains.
SHAFT (OFF, RIGHT) : Whatever the century, you gotta LOVE 'em.

PAGE 13.

PANEL 4.

CHANGE ANGLE. THE BOOK OF SPELLS, PIERCED BY THE ARROW, HAS FALLEN TO EARTH SOMEWHERE VISIBLE OVER IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND. FROM THE LEFT FOREGROUND, SCUTTLING FRANTICALLY AWAY FROM US WITH A TERRIFIED LOOK ON HIS FACE, WE SEE JERICHO FAUST AS HE RUNS FRANTICALLY TOWARDS THE FALLEN BOOK IN THE BACKGROUND. HE IS FULL FIGURE, HIS SPINDLY LIMBS LOPING AS HE SCURRIES TOWARDS THE BOOK. MORE TOWARDS THE RIGHT FOREGROUND WE SEE THE CRIPPLED EVIL MEDICINE MAN STOOPING SHADOW AS HE HALF TURNS TOWARDS US AND LOOKS UP SOMETHING ABOVE HIM AND OFF PANEL IN THE FOEGROUND. HIS FACE HAS GONE BYOND FEAR INTO A KIND OF AWED, HORRIFIED ACCEPTANCE, HIS EYES WIDE AND CLEARLY DOOMED AS HE LOOK UP AT WHATEVER IS HOVERING OFF PANEL IN THE FOREGROUND. ITS GOLDEN LIGHT FALLS DOWN, DAZZLING, UPON HIS FACE. HE PERHAPS VAINLY RAISES ONE EMACIATED HAND TO SHIELD HIMSELF, BUT HE KNOWS THAT HE IS ALREADY DAMNED. JERICHO FAUST, EVER THE OPTIMIST, IS STILL HURRYING TOWARDS THE FALLEN BOOK.
JERICHO FAUST : That strangely garbed BOWMAN! He shot the dark GRIMOIRE from my HANDS!
JERICHO FAUST : We must RETRIEVE it before the ELDER ONE realises he is no longer in our POWER!
STOOPING SHADOW : I-I fear it knows ALREADY.

PAGE 14.

PANEL 1.

NOW A TWO PANEL PAGE, WITH THIS FIRST PANEL BY FAR THE BIGGEST. WE ARE LOOKING UP FROM A LOW ANGLE, WITH THE VARIOUS YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS ALL STANDING OR HOVERING (SUPREMA) IN THE FOREGROUND, LOOKING UP AND AWAY FROM US INTO THE NIGHT SKY ABOVE. THE HUGE GOLDEN BALL OF EVIL ECTOPLASM HAS UTTERLY ENGULFED BOTH JERICHO FAUST AND STOOPING SHADOW WITHIN ITS GLOWING TENDRILS, AND IS BLAZING UPWARDS EXULTANTLY TOWARDS THE STARS, ITS MULTIPLE FACES ALL SCREECHING IN MAD TRIUMPH. TRAPPEDINSIDE IT, BOTH JERICHO FAUST AND STOOPING SHADOW ARE HOWLING IN MORTAL TERROR AS THEY FALL INTO THE SKY, CARRIED AWAY INTO THE OTHER DARK BETWEEN THE STARS BY THE VENGEFUL DEMON GOD THAT THEY HAVE CONJURED AND LOST CONTROL OF. RANGED ACROSS THE FOREGROUND LOOKING UP AT THIS SPECTACLE, THE VARIOUS YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS ALL HAVE EXPRESSIONS OF AWED HORROR. NO MATTER HOW EVIL FAUST AND STOOPING SHADOW WERE, NOBODY DESERVES SOMETHING AS HORRIBLE AS THIS TO HAPPEN TO THEM.
JERICHO FAUST : ***GHIIYAAAAAAAAH!***

PAGE 14.

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE SO THAT WE ARE NOW LOOKING DOWN UPON THE ASSEMBLED YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS AS THEY STAND BELOW US, LOOKING UP AT US AND THE DEPARTED SORCERORS. MAYBE THE GOLDEN GLOW LEFT IN THE WAKE OF THE ELDER CREATURE AND ITS VICTIME IS STILL VISIBLE FALLING INTO THE UPPER FOREGROUND LIKE SOME SORT OF EVIL GOLDEN TINKERBELL FAIRY-DUST. BELOW, THE AVRIOUS HEROES GAPE UPWARDS IN STUNNED ASTONISHMENT. THEY HAVE ALL SHED THEIR DISGUISES AND ARE IN REGULAR COSTUM HERE, BY THE WAY. EVERYONE'S BEEN IN REGULAR COSTUME SINCE PANEL ONE ON PAGE THIRTEEN.

SUPREMA : H-How HORRIBLE! It's returning to the timeless alien stars that it CAME from, and taking them WITH it!

TWILIGHT : It's like some sort of caged ANIMAL, finally getting a chance to maul its KEEPER!

BOG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Well, rather them than ME..but we still have the minor problem of being stuck in an episode of BONANZA.

PAGE 15.

PANEL 1.

A FOUR PANEL PAGE NOW. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE RETURN TO A GROUND LEVEL SHOT OF THE YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS. UP TOWARDS THE LEFT FOREGROUND, JOHNNY LOOKS DEEP IN SERIOUS THOUGHT AS HE CONSIDERS THE PARANORMAL IMPLICATIONS OF BONANZA.. DOC ROCKET, STANDING BESIDE HIM, TURNS HER FACE TOWARDS HIM AND CURLS HER LIP IN MILD CONTEMPT. OVER IN THE BACKGROUND WE CAN STILL SEE THE GLOWING RECTANGLE OF THE TIME-DOOR THAT THE VILLAINS WERE USING, JUST HANGING THERE IN THE AIR AND FRAMED WITH A CRACKLING, PINKISH ENERGY. OVER TOWARDS THE RIGHT OF THE PANEL HERE, SHAFT GESTURES TOWARDS THE DOOR IN THE BACKGROUND. SUPREMA, HOVERING SOMEWHERE ON THE EXTREME RIGHT, ALSO LOOKS TOWARDS THE DOORWAY WITH A LOOK OF SURPRISED RECOGNITION CREEPING OVER HER FACE.

JOHNNY PANIC : Well, it would have to be a pretty WEIRD episode...like maybe one where HOSS becomes a SATANIST and sacrifices Little JOE...

DOC ROCKET : Johnny, shut UP! What Leonard MEANS is, we're trapped in the PAST.

SHAFT : Not NECESSARILY! That TIME-DOOR the villains were using still seems to be OPEN...

SUPREMA : WAIT a minute...

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE ALL OVER NEARER TO THE CRACKLE-EDGED RECTANGLE OF LIGHT. SUPREMA LOOKS UP AT IT WONDERINGLY FROM SOMEWHERE

OVER ON THE LEFT. OVER ON THE RIGHT, BIG BROTHER LOOKS PUZZLED. THE OTHERS CAN BE STANDING WHEREVER YOU WANT, ALSO GAZING AT THE GLOWING TIME DOOR.

PAGE 15.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

SUPREMA : I think I RECOGNISE this! THIS time-warp has got nothing to DO with DOCTOR CLOCK or his hideout across town.

SUPREMA : I-I think this is an entrance to the League of Infinity's TIME-TOWER! Those SORCERORS must have CHANCED upon it...

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Huh? Who are the LEAGUE OF INFINITY?

PANEL 3.

WE MOVE IN CLOSE ON THE DOOR, WITH VARIOUS YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS STANDING LOOKING AT IT FROM EITHER SIDE OF THE FOREGROUND. SHAFT IS ON OUR LEFT, LOOKING AT THE DOORWAY WARILY. SUPREMA IS ALREADY WALKING OR HOVERING AWAY FROM US, VANISHING FACE FIRST INTO THE SCREEN OF ENERGY THAT FILLS THE RECTANGULAR DOORWAY, JUST HANGING THERE IN THE BACKGROUND. TWILIGHT ALSO STEPS FORWARD TO FOLLOW SUPREMA THROUGH THE DOORWAY, BUT TURNS BACK TO SMILE INVITINGLY AT THE OTHER YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS AS SHE DOES SO, ASKING THEM TO FOLLOW HER THROUGH. BIG BROTHER, DOC ROCKET AND JOHNNY PANIC LOOK ON FROM THE LEFT AND RIGHT OF THE FOREGROUND AS APPLICABLE.

SHAFT : Didn't a couple of them give EVIDENCE at the YOUNGBLOOD TRIAL? A girl from the FUTURE and some sort of giant CAVE MAN?

TWILIGHT : SUPREMA and her brother SUPREME are both MEMBERS. I met the League MYSELF once, back in the 'SIXTIES.

TWILIGHT : It'll be okay. Just follow us IN...

PANEL 4.

NOW WE ARE INSIDE THE LEAGUE OF INFINITY'S TIME TOWER, ON ONE OF THE LOWER LANDINGS (SEE SUPREME #55 AND ELSEWHERE). THE STAIRWAY RISES UPWARDS IN A LAZY SPIRAL AGAINST THE BACKDROP OF INTERSTELLAR SPACE-TIME THAT FILLS THE BACKGROUND. THE OPEN DOORWAY IS IN THE BACKGROUND. MOST OF THE YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS HAVE ALREADY STEPPED THROUGH IT HERE, ONTO THE TIME TOWER BALCONY INSIDE. THEY ALL GAPE UP IN AWE AT THE INCREDIBLE STRUCTURE SURROUNDING THEM, APART FROM SUPREMA AND TWILIGHT WHO SEEM MORE USED TO THE SPECTACLE, AND SHAFT WHO LOOKS A BIT BITTER AND RESENTFUL AT HOW TREMNDOUS THE INSIDE OF THE LEAGUE'S TOWER LOOKS. SUPREMA IS ALREADY STARTING TO FLY UP THE SPIRAL STAIRWAY TOWARDS THE LEVELS ABOVE.

JOHNNY PANIC : Wow. Does EVERY other super-team have a cooler headquarters than us?

SHAFT : No. I hear from DIEHARD that the ALLIES hang out on an ASTEROID.

SUPREMA : Come on, everybody. We can climb back up to our OWN time from here. Let's just hope everything there is OKAY...

PAGE 16.

PANEL 1.

A FOUR PANEL PAGE NOW. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE CUT BACK TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY AND THE INTERIOR OF MISKATONIC ASYLUM. WE ARE IN SOME SORT OF SHADOWY LOBBY AREA, WITH CORRIDORS LEADING AWAY INTO THE BACKGROUND. IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND WE SEE A DEJECTED AND BEATEN-LOOKING JACK A DANDY BEING LED AWAY IN HANDCUFFS BY A COUPLE OF UNIFORMED ASYLUM GUARDS. TO EITHER SIDE OF THE FOREGROUND VWE CAN SEE A LITTLE OF THE MID SECTIONS OF A COUPLE OF THE WESTERN HEROES, WHOARE STANDING JUST OFF PANEL WITH THEIR ARMS FOLDED, WATCHING JACK AS HE'S LED AWAY. MAYBE TO ONE SIDE WE SEE THE BUCKSKINNED JACKET OF WILD BILL HICKOK, OR THE FLAME-TRIMMED GARB OF THE BRIMSTONE KID, WITHE THE PHYSICAL BODY OF NIGHTEAGLE, NOW CONSCIOUS AGAIN, OVER ON THE RIGHT AND LADY LASH AND KID THUNDER VISIBLE AS DESIRED.

No Dialogue

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLES SO THAT WE NOW SEE THE FIVE WESTERN HEROES AS THEY STAND THERE IN THE SHADOWY INTERIOR OF THE ASYLUM, FACING US. BRIMSTONE IS OVER TOWARDS THE LEFT WITH NIGHTEAGLE OVER TOWARDS THE RIGHT. OTHERWISE, THEY CAN BE PRETTY MUCH WHERE YOU WANT THEM. OBVIOUSLY, THEY DON'T HAVE THEIR HORSES WITH THEM HERE, HAVING PRESUMABLY TIESD THEM UP OUTSIDE SOMEWHERE.

BRIMSTONE KID : Well, looks like that's THAT! All them FLYIN' gals seemed to get some MESSAGE and just took OFF...

BRIMSTONE KID : ...just before your SPIRIT SELF appeared and told us all to ride over to STAR CITY here.

NIGHTEAGLE : The evil man named JACK will be more closely GUARDED from now on.

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE AGAIN. OVER ON THE RIGHT WE SEE WILD BILL HICKOK AS HE APPROACHES A PUBLIC PHONE ATTACHED TO ONE OF THE ASYLUM WALLS. HE HAS A FAINT CONFIDENT SMILE ON HIS FACE AS HE DOES SO, STARTING TO PICK UP THE RECEIVER HERE. MORE TO THE LEFT, WE SEE THE OTHER WESTERN HEROES, WITH KID THUNDER THE MOST PROMINENT HERE. HE LOOKS TOWARDS BILL'S TURNED BACK AND SPREADS HIS HANDS IN A HELPLESS "WHAT ARE WE TO DO" KIND OF GESTURE. THE OTHERS JUST LOOK ON.

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PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

KID THUNDER : Well, that's good...but we're still stranded in the FUTURE, and I ain't so certain they're gonna let us OUT of this ASYLUM ag'in!

KID THUNDER : I mean, you gotta admit, our story sounds kinda UNLIKELY...

WILD BILL : Don't you WORRY none. I visited the Twentieth Century BEFORE, so I know all about these here SPEAKIN' TUBES!

PANEL 4.

CHANGE ANGLE AGAIN. WILD BILL IS NOW UP CLOSE TO US IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, PROBABLY SO THAT WE CAN SEE HIM FROM HIS NOSE TO HALFWAY DOWN HIS CHEST OR SOMETHING. JUST SO LONG AS HIS EYES ARE OFF PANEL ABOVE, AND WE ARE FOCUSSED ON HIS MOUTH AS HE LIFTS THE PHONE RECEIVER TO IT AND STARTS TO SPEAK INTO IT. HIS HAND RESTS ON THE TELEPHONE DIAL, BILL HAVING JUST DIALED THE NUMBER. HE SMILES FAINTLY AS HE SPEAKS INTO THE PHONE. IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, THE OTHER FOUR WESTERN HEROES LOOK ON IN BEMUSEMENT.

WILD BILL : Hello? Ethan, 'zat YOU?

WILD BILL : It's BILL.

WILD BILL : Bill HICKOK.

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PANEL 1.

ANOTHER FOUR PANEL PAGE HERE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE SUDDENLY CUT TO THE NIGHT TIME SKIES ABOVE OMEGAPOLIS, SOMETIME LATER. THERE IS A LARGE FULL MOON HANGING IN THE SKY OVER TOWARDS THE LEFT SOMEWHERE, WHILE OVER TO THE RIGHT WE SEE SUPREME'S FLOATING CITADEL SUPREME AS IT HANGS THERE IN THE SKY, WREATHED ABOUT IN SWIRLS OF GREY-SILVER MOONLIT CLOUD. OVER TOWARDS THE RIGHT, SILLHOUETTED AGAINST THE FULL MOON, WE SEE THE BLACK SHAPE OF AN AIRBORN ***SUPREME***, HIS CAPE BILLOWING BEHIND HIM. ABOVE HIS HEAD HE IS CARRYING AN ENTIRE LIVE HORSE AND ITS RIDER, ALSO SEEN IN SULHOUETTE AGAINST THE MOON HERE. MAYBE ITS THE SILLHOUETTE OF NIGHT-EAGLE, SINCE HE'S THE MOST DISTINCTIVE OF THE FIVE WESTERN HEROES. HE SITS ASTRIDE HIS HORSE AS SUPREME CARRIES IT THROUGH THE SKY TOWARDS THE CITADEL, FRAMED HERE AGAINST THE GLARE OF THE MOON BEHIND THEM.

No Dialogue

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE INSIDE THE CITADEL, SOMEWHERE IN THE HUGE SOUVENIR GALLERY, JUST INSIDE THE MASSIVE DOUBLE DOORS THAT LEAD INTO THE CITADEL FROM THE LANDING PLATFORM, AS SEEN IN NUMEROUS ISSUES OF SUPREME. THE DOORS ARE IN THE BACKGROUND HERE, AND THEY ARE OPEN, LOOKNG OUT ONTO THE LANDING PLATFORM AND THE

PAGE 17.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

STAR-JEWELLED NIGHT SKY BEYOND. IN THE FOREGROUND, STANDING TO EITHER SIDE AND LOOKING UP AND AWAY FROM US WE SEE KID THUNDER, THE BRIMSTONE KID, WILD BILL AND LADY LASH. EACH STANDS BY HIS OR HER HORSE, WITH THE HORSE JUST STANDING THEIR PLACIDLY ON THE GLEAMING TILED FLOOR OF THE CITADEL AS IF IT WERE THE MOST NATURAL THING IN THE WORLD. FLYING DOWN TOWARDS THEM THROUGH THE OPENH DOORS FROM THE BACKGROUND WE SEE SUPREME, STILL CARRYING NIGHT-EAGLE'S HORSE AND ITS RIDER ABOVE HIS HEAD. HE SMILES IN GREETING AT THE OTHER FGOUR HEROES AND THEIR HORSES, WAITING FOR HIM BELOW.

SUPREME : There. That's ALL of you.

SUPREME : Y'know, even with STRENGTH SUPREME, you people are packing a lot of HORSEFLESH!

WILD BILL : We sure are. I gotta thank you agin', Supreme, for assistin' a fellow LEAGUE MEMBER in TROUBLE!

WILD BILL : We can use the TIME TOWER ENTRANCE here in your CITADEL to return us to our own ERA!

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE. THE DOORS ARE PRESUMABLY SOMEWHERE BEHIND US NOW, AND WE ARE LOOKING INTO THE SOUVENIR GALLERY ITSELF. THE FIVE WESTERN HEROES, OR AS MANYOF THEM AS YOU FEEL LIKE SHOWING, ARE TOWARDS OUR LEFT OF THE PANEL SOMEWHERE, MAYBE HALF FIGURE, SOME OF THEM LOOKING TOWARDS THE CENTRE FOREGROUND, WHERE WE SEE SUPREME FULL FIGURE AS HE PASSES THE REINS OF THEIR FIVE HORSES TO ONE OF HIS LOOKALIKE ROBOT ***SUPREMATONS***. THE WESTERN HEROES ARE NOW AMONGST THE AVENUE OF STATUES THAT LEADS TO THE TIME TOWER ENTRANCE HERE, WITH THE DOOR TO THE TOWER ITSELF VISIBLE AT THE TOP OF ITS SHORT FLIGHT OF STEPS OVER INTHE RIGHT BACKGROUND. WILD BILL HAS ALREADY MOUNTED THESE AND IS STANDING LOOKING BACK AT US AS HE BEGINS TO OPEN THE DOOR. HIS FOUR COLLEAGUES ARE SORT OF STRUNG OUT BETWEEN THE LEFT FOREGROUND AND THE TIME TOWER DOOR IN THE BACKGROUND, AS THEY ALL MAKE THEIR WAY DOWN THE AVENUE OF STATUES TO JOIN WILD BILL AT THE TOP OF THE SHORT FLIGHT OF STEPS.

LADY LASH : Hey! I just THOUGHT! WE can walk down your TIME-STAIRS, but what about our HORSES?

LADY LASH : Horse ain't got a downstairs bone in their BODY, it's a well known FACT!

SUPREME : Oh, I'll have my SUPREMATONS feed and groom them, then I'll fly them down LATER.

WILD BILL : Sounds GOOD. C'mon...let's mosey on DOWN.

PAGE 17.

PANEL 4.

WE ARE NOW ACTUALLY INSIDE THE TIME TOWER, LOOKING UP ITS SWEEPING STAIRCASE, WITH THE FIVE WESTERN HEROES COMING DOWN THE WINDING STAIRS TOWARDS US. UP TOWARDS THE TOP LEFT BACKGROUND OF THE PANEL WE CAN SEE A SMILING SUPREME AS HE STANDS JUST INSIDE THE OPEN TIME DOOR ON THE BALCONY OF HIS OWN TIME PERIOD. HE WAVES GENIALLY AND SMILES AS HE BIDS FAREWELL TO HIS FRIENDS, WHO ARE MAKING THEIR WAY DOWN THE STAIRS TOWARDS US. MAYBE NIGHT EAGLE, BRINGING UP THE REAR, IS TURNING AWAY FROM US AS HE DESCENDS TO WAVE BACK TO SUPREME UP ABOVE HIM. THE OTHERS ARE JUST COMING DOWN THER STAIRS TOWARDS US, WITH WILD BILL UP CLOSEST AND ALSO FURTHEST OVER TOWARDS THE RIGHT FOREGROUND. HE MAYBE GESTURES VAGUELY TO SOMETHING AHEAD OF HIM, OFF PANEL IN THE FOREGROUND AND BELOW DOWN PAST THE NEXT BEND OF THE SPIRAL STAIRS.

SUPREME : GOODBYE, everybody...and good luck discovering what mysterious energy TRANSFERRED you here in the FIRST place!

BRIMSTONE KID : Yeah. I bet it was FAUST or STOOPIN' SHADOW did it! Hope they ain't done too much HARM while we been AWAY!

WILD BILL : We'll soon SEE! The balcony we want is down HERE, right around the next...

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PANEL 1.

BIG FULL PAGE PANEL NOW. WE ARE LOOKING AT A SECTION OF THE TIME TOWER, STRETCHING FROM THE TOP TO THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE, WITH ITS ELEGANT WINDING STAIRWAY AND THE STARS SUSPENDED BEYOND. COMING DOWN THE STAIRWAY FROM THE TOP LEFT OF THE PAGE, WE SEE THE WESTERN HEROES. COMING UP THE ATIRWAY FROM THE BOTTOM RIGHT OF THE PAGE, WE SEE THE SIX MEMBERS OF YOUNGBLOOD. THE TWO TEAMS STOP DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS AND GAPE AT EACH OTHER IN DUMBFOUNDED ASTONISHMENT.;

WILD BILL : ...bend.

PAGE 19.

PANEL 1.

A FOUR PANEL PAGE NOW. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE UP AMONGST THE WESTERN HEROES WHO ARE DESCDING THE STAIRS, WITH THE BRIMSTONE KID SOMEWHERE UP TO OUR LEFT, AND WILD BILL STANDING ON THE STEP JUST BELOW AND IN FRONT OF US, SO THAT WE ARE LOOKING DOWN THE STAIRS FROM OVER HIS SHOULDER, LOOKING DWON TO WHERE YOUNGBLOOD ARE ASCENDING TOWARDS US AND THE WESTERN HEROES FROM THE NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND BELOW. SUPREMA HOVERS AT THE FRONT OF THE GROUP, AND IS LOOKING UP AT WILD BILL WITH A PLEASED EXPRESSION AS IF SHE'S DELIGHTED TO SEE HIM. IF WE CAN SEE MUCHOF BILL'S EXPRESSION, HIS EYES GROW COLD AS HE STARES AT SUPREMA AND HER YOUNGBLOOD CONFEDERATES.

PAGE 19.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

BRIMSTONE KID : Bill? Who in Heck are THESE critters? They ain't your League O' INFINITY buddies?

WILD BILL : No. No, they AIN'T! They're a bunch called YOUNGBLOOD!

SUPREMA : W-Wild BILL? So it must have been you and your FRIENDS we were traded in TIME with!

SUPREMA : It's good to SEE you!

PANEL 2.

A SIDE ON SHOT NOW. BOTH TEAMS HAVE MAYBE REACHED SOME SORT OF FLAT INTERMEDIARY FLOOR OR PLATFORM HERE, SO THAT BOTH TEAMS ARE MORE OR LESS ON THE SAME LEVEL AS THEY FACE EACH OTHER, WITH THE WESTERN HEROES OVER ON THE LEFT AND FACING RIGHT, WHILE YOUNGBLOOD ARE ON THE RIGHT AND FACING LEFT. WILD BILL, AT THE FRONT OF THE GROUP OF WESTERN CHARACTERS, LOOKS ANGRY AND CLENCHES ONE OF HIS FISTS AS HE OINTS ACCUSINGLY AT SUPREMA AND YOUNGBLOOD IN GENERAL, SHOUTING AT THEM WITH HIS FACE A MASK OF RAGE. SUPREMA AND YOUNGBLOOD, OVER ON THE RIGHT, LOOKS COMPLETELY BEWILDERED AND SUPRISED BY WILD BILL'S OUTBURST. SO DO WILD BILL'S WESTERN COLLEAGUES, BEHIND HIM OVER ON THE LEFT. KID THUNDER MAYBE STEPS FORWARD AND LAYS A LIGHTLY RESTRAINING ARM ON BILL'S ARM OR SHOULDER, URGING HIM NOT TO START A FIGHT. OVER ON THE RIGHT OF THE PANEL, AN EXCITED LOOKING JOHNNY PANIC GAZES AT THE ENRAGED LEGENDARY GUNSLINGER AND WHISPERS TO DOC ROCKET FROM BEHIND HIS HAND.

WILD BILL : Don't you glad-hand ME, you low-down, connivin' snake in the GRASS!

WILD BILL : You and your YOUNGBLOOD pals sure got a NERVE settin' foot in our TOWER, after that big FIGHT you guys had with the LEAGUE!

SUPREMA : F-FIGHT? Bill, what on Earth are you TALKING about?

JOHNNY PANIC (WHISPER) : Is that THE Bill Hickok?

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE. WE ARE NOW BEHIND THE YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS, SOME OF WHOM (INCLUDING SUPREMA) WE CAN SEE MAYBE HALF FIGURE IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, LOOKING AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THE LEFT BACKGROUND, WHERE WILD BILL STANDS AT THE HEAD OF HIS GROUP OF WESTERN HEROES, STILL LOOKING ANGRY AND ENRAGED AS HE FACES THE BEWILDERED-LOOKING SUPREMA AND HER FRIENDS.

WILD BILL : You know darn WELL what I mean! I mean that big BUST-UP between YOUNGBLOOD and the LEAGUE in September, 1998!

SUPREMA : September?

SUPREMA : B-But Bill, this is still JULY.

PANEL 4.

SAME SHOT AS LAST PANEL, WITH THE WESTERN HEROES FACING US FROM THE LEFT BACKGROUND WHILE YOUNGBLOOD STARE TOWARDS THEM IN BEMUSEMENT FROM THE RIGHT FOREGROUND. AT THE FRONT OF THE WESTERN HEROES, WILD BILL SUDDENLY FROWNS AND LOOKS SLIGHTLY EMBARRASSED, ALL OF THE ANGER LEAVING HIM AS HE REALISES THE EMBARRASSING MISTAKE THAT HE HAS MADE. EVERYBODY IS LOOKING AT HIM AS IF HE'S GONE MAD, EVEN HIS OWN WESTERN COLLEAGUES.

WILD BILL : Oh.

WILD BILL : Oh, well, in THAT case, fergit I SAID anythin'...

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PANEL 1.

CHANGE ANGLE. THE TWO GROUPS HAVE NOW CROSSED ON THE STAIRS AND ARE CONTINUING THEIR INDIVIDUAL CLIMBS, WITH YOUNGBLOOD WALKING UP THE STAIRS AWAY FROM US UP TOWARDS THE LEFT BACKGROUND, WITH A COUPLE OF THEM LOOKING BACK IN BEWILDERMENT TOWARDS THE WESTERN HEROES WHO ARE DESCNDING TOWARDS US IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND. WILD BILL, BY NOW LOOKING ANGRY AGAIN, TURNS ROUND TO GAZE UP AND INTO THE BACKGROUND AT YOUNGBLOOD AS THEY CLIMB THE STAIRS AWAY FROM HIM. HE SHAKES HIS FIST AT THEM AND LOOKS VENOMOUS. THE ONES WHO ARE LOOKING BACK AT HIM LOOK UTTERLY BEMUSED AND CONFUSED BY HIS BEHAVIOUR. WALKING BESIDE WILD BILL, NIGHT EAGLE PLACES A CALMING HAND UPON BILL'S BUCKSKINNED SHOULDER. TO THE RIGHT OF THE FOREGROUND, DESCENDING THE STAIRS AHEAD OF THE OTHER WESTERN HEROES, WE SEE LADY LASH AS SHE TURNS TO SHOOT A WITHERING AND ACCUSING LOOK AT THE BRIMSTONE KID, WHO IS WALKING DOWN THE STAIRS BESIDE HER. THE BRIMSTONE KID IS MAYBE CRANING HIS NECK RUND TO LOOK UP THE STAIRS TOWARDS YOUNGBLOOD AS THEY ASCEND, AND ESPECIALLY TOWARDS SUPREMA, TWILIGHT AND DOC ROCKET, HENCE THE REASON FOR LADY LASH'S ANNOYANCE.

WILD BILL : ...but the NEXT time you hombres see me...and I ain't sayin' that IS gonna be in September, now...then you better watch OUT!

NIGHTEAGLE : Come, Bill Hickok. Let us return HOME without further STRIFE.

LADY LASH : Yeah...and BRIMSTONE, you can quit starin' at them fillies' LEGS!

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE DOWN ON ONE OF THE LOWER BALCONY LEVELS OF THE TOWER, WHERE OVER TO THE RIGHT WE SEE THE INSIDE OF ANOTHER OF THE HOURGLASS-HANDLED TIME-DOORS, THIS ONE PRESUMABLY LEADING OUT INTO THE WESTERN HEROES OWN PERIOD. THE STAIRWAY SWEEPS DOWN FROM THE LEFT OF THE PANEL, WITH BRIMSTONE KID AND LADY LASH BOTH DESCENDING IT TOGETHER HERE, WITH LADY

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

LASH LOOKING WRYLY UNCONVINCED NAND SARCASTIC AS BRIMSTONE TRIES TO LOOK INNOCENT, GESTURING AS HE EXPLAINS. OVER ON THE RIGHT, WE SEE KID THUNDER AS HE STARTS TO OPEN THE HOURGLASS-HANDLED DOOR THAT WILL LEAD THEM TO THEIR OWN TIME.

BRIMSTONE KID : Heck, darlin', it ain't MY fault! I guess that DEVIL who taught me to SHOOT gets INTO me sometimes...

LADY LASH : Save that DEVIL yarn for the RUBES, Brimstone. You ain't nothin' but a big FAKER, and we both KNOWS it!

KID THUNDER : Settle down, you two. Our own CENTURY'S right through this DOOR...

PANEL 3.

NOW WE ARE SUDDENLY BACK IN THE OLD WEST, WITH THE PLATFROM OF ROCK WHERE YOUNGBLOOD FOUGHT STOOPING SHADOW AND JERICHO FAUST VISIBLE UP IN THE FOREGROUND, NOW COMPLETELY BARE AND EMPTY. LOOKING ACROSS THIS, WE ARE LOOKING AT THE GLOWING TIME-DOOR OF THE TIME TOWER AS IT HANGS THERE OPEN IN MID AIR. STEPPING THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE TOWER AND COMING TOWARDS US. THE BRIMSTONE KID LOOKS IN ASTONISHMENT TOWARDS THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, WHERE WE CAN SEE AT LEAST A LITTLE OF THE HEROES DISTINBCTIVE HORSES, WHO ARE TETHERED TO A SAGE BUSH OR SOMETHING, GRAZING CONTENTEDLY. BRIMSTONE GAPES AT THESE IN SURPRISE, SINCE HE'D ASSUMED THEY MUST STILL BE BACK UPSTAIRS. WILD BILL, MORE TOWARDS OUR RIGHT THAT BRIMSTONE, SAUNTERS FORWARD TOWARDS THE HORSE WITH A CASUAL AND DISMISSIVE LOOK. THE PARADOXES OF TIME TRAVEL ARE ALL OLD HAT TO HIM. THE OTHER HEROES ALL HAVE VARYING LOOKS OF AMAZEMENT AS THEY STEP OUT TOWARDS US THROUGH THE TIME DOOR AND FIND THEMSELVES BACK IN THEIR OWN TIME.

BRIMSTONE KID : It sure IS...and there's our HORSES! Ain't they UPSTAIRS? Your FANCY-PANTS buddy said he'd fly 'em down LATER...

WILD BILL : Well, I guess he DID...'cept HIS later ended up bein' before OUR later!

WILD BILL : This kinds thing ALLUS happens with TIME TRAVEL. I find it don't pay to THINK about it.

PANEL 4.

CHANGE ANGLE SO THAT THE TIME TOWER DOOR IS NOW SOMEWHERE OFF PANEL BEHIND US IN THE FOREGROUND. THE ASSEMBLED WESTERN HEROES STAND GAZING AWAY FROM US ACROSS THE FLAT PLAINS TOWARDS WHERE THE FIRST LIGHT OF THE DAWN SUN IS STARTING TO CREEP ACROSS THE EASTERN SKY IN THE FAR BACKGROUND. THEY ALL STAND HOLDING THEIR HORSES REINS AND GAZING OFF INTO THE SUNRISE. EVERYTHING LOOKS FVERY CALM AND PEACEFUL. MAYBE WE CAN SEE THE QUIET AND DESERTED LITTLE TOWN OF OMEGAVILLE SOMEWHERE OVER IN THE BACKGROUND HERE TOO.

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PANEL 4. (FROM OVER)

NIGHTEAGLE : There is no sign of STOOPING SHADOW, or of FAUST. The HARM they threatened must have come to NAUGHT.

LADY LASH : Well, I guess that means there will BE a Future...

LADY LASH : ...even if judgin' by recent EXPERIENCE, I'd hate to be one o' the poor varmints that LIVES there!

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PANEL 1.

NOW ANOTHER FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE ARE UP IN THE CITADEL SUPREME, IN THE SOUVENIR GALLERY, SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE TWO ROWS OF STATUES OF THE TWO OPPOSING LEAGUES. THE TIME TOWER DOOR IS AT THE TOP OF ITS FLIGHT OF STEPS IN THE BACKGROUND. IT IS OPEN HERE, AND WE SEE THE VARIOUS YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS AS THEY COME OUT THROUGH THE DOOR AND DOWN THE STEPS TOWARDS US. SUPREMA AND TWILIGHT SEEM CASUAL AND UNIMPRESSED BY THE CITADEL, WHILE JOHNNY PANIC, DOC ROCKET AND BIG BROTHER (STOOPING SLIGHTLY AS HE COMES THROUGH THE TIME TOWER DOOR) LOOK AROUND THEM AT THE SURROUNDING CITADEL IN AMAZEMENT. SHAFT SCOWLS AROUND AT THE CITADEL, CLEARLY UNIMPRESSED OR PERHAPS JUST JEALOUS.
No Dialogue

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE. NOW WE ARE BEHIND THE YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS, PROBABLY LOOKING UP TOWARDS THEM FROM QUITE A LOW ANGLE, IF THAT LOOKS GOOD, AS THEY WALK AWAY FROM US DOWN BETWEE THE TWO ROWS OF STATUES THAT TOWER UP T EITHER SIDE IN THE BACKGROUND. DOC ROCKET, SOMEWHERE TOWARDS THE LEFT FOREGROUND, IS STILL GAPING UP AND ABOUT HER AT THE CITADEL WITH A STARSTRUCK EXPRESSION, CLEARLY DELIGHTED. SHAFT, MORE TOWARDS THE CENTRE HERE, LOOKS MORE GRIM AS HE GAZES SHARPLY TOWARDS SUPREMA, OVER TOWARDS OUR RIGHT. SUPREMA, IN REPLY, LOWERS HER EYES AND GESTURES VAGUELY. SHE SEEMS TROUBLED AND UNCOMPREHENDING ABOUT WILD BILL'S BEHAVIOUR.

DOC ROCKET : This is the CITADEL SUPREME? Jeez, I saw this place on the NEWS last year, when that DAX guy took it over!

SHAFT : I remember that. It was just before the TRIAL that was held here.

SHAFT : Suprema, what was that cowboy maniac TALKING about?

SUPREMA : I don't KNOW, Shaft. I wish I DID...

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE. THE TWO ROWS OF STATUES ARE NOW OVER IN THE BACKGROUND, WITH THE SIX YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS COMING OUT FROM BETWEEN THEM TOWARDS US AS THEY LEAVE THE TIME TOWER BEHIND THEM. AS THEY DO SO, SUPREMA IS LOOKING TOWARDS SHAFT

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PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

AS SHE EXPLAINS, DEEP IN CONVERSATION WITH HIM. EVERYONE ELSE IS LOOKING TOWARDS THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, WHERE WE SEE SUPREME AS HE STEPS SMILING INTO VIEW, LEADING ONE OF THE WESTERN HEROES HORSES ALONG BY ITS REINS AS HE LEADS IT GENTLY TOWARDS THE AVENUE OF STATUES AND THE TIME TOWER BEYOND, OVER IN THE BACKGROUND. HE LOOKS ACROSS TOWARDS YOUNGBLOOD BENIGNELY AND MAYBE A LITTLE PATRONISINGLY, LIKE HE WAS THEIR FAVORITE UNCLE OR SOMETHING.

SUPREMA : It was like he was bearing a GRUDGE for something that hadn't HAPPENED yet...

SUPREME : SUPREMA? What are you and your young FRIENDS doing here?

SUPREME : I thought TWILIGHT told me...told ETHAN CRANE that you were searching for LOOT belonging to the ALLIES OF EVIL!

PANEL 4.

NOW A FULL FIGURE SHOT, WITH THE MEMBERS OF YOUNGBLOOD OVER TO OUR LEFT AND FACING RIGHT TOWARDS SUPREME, WHO STANDS WITH THE TETHERED HORSE OVER TO OUR RIGHT, FACING LEFT TOWARDS THE YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS. THE WEIRD SOUVENIRS AND RELICS IN THE CITADEL'S SOUVENIR GALLERY RISE UP IN THE FOREGROUND AND BACKGROUND ALL ABOUT THEM. MAYBE OVER IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND HERE WE HAVE A BELL-JAR LIKE GLASS DISPLAY CASE THAT CONTAINS A COPY OF ***SUPREME #53,*** ITS COVER PLAINLY VISIBLE HERE. (JUST GET ERIC TO PASTE IN A MINIATURE COPY OF THE COVER).

TWILIGHT : Uh..well, actually we walked into an old TRAP intended for your ALLIED SUPERMEN...

TWILIGHT : Doc Clock's TIME TRADER switched us back to the Old WEST. We just climbed BACK up your TIME-TOWER.

SUPREME : Then it was YOU who switched with WILD BILL and the rest!

SUPREME : I'm just about to return their HORSES...

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PANEL 1.

ANOTHER FOUR PANEL PAGE HERE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, SUPREME IS LEADING THE PLACID HORSE DOWN THE AVENUE OF STATUES TOWARDS US, LEADING IT TOWARDS THE DOOR OF THE TIME TOWER WHICH IS SOMEWHERE OFF PANEL BEHIND US IN THE FOREGROUND. AS HE LEADS THE HORSE TOWARDS US HE LOOKS AMIABLY BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER TOWARDS THE GROUP OF YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS WHO STAND DOWN AT THE FAR END OF THE AVENUE OF STATUES, LOOKING TOWARDS HIM BLANKLY AS HE WAVES GOODBYE TO THEM. OVER IN THE BACKGROUND, BIG BROTHER SEEMS TO BE SCRATCHING HIS BIG METAL HEAD PENSIVELY.

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PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

SUPREME : I thought if I flew all five back to a few minutes BEFORE Bill and the rest arrive home, that would be most HELPFUL!

SUPREME : I'll see you LATER, Suprema...and LINDA, my best to your UNCLE!

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Five HORSES, huh? Well, that explains SOMETHING that was bothering me...

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE. WE ARE NOW BEHIND THE TEAM AS THEY WALK AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND, WHERE WE SEE THE HUGE GOLDEN DOUBLE DOORS STANDING OPEN THAT LEAD OUT OF THE CITADEL AND ONTO THE LANDING PLATFORM BEYOND, BENEATH THE TWINKLING NIGHT STARS. BIG BROTHER IS CLOSEST TO US AND FURTHEST OVER TO OUR LEFT. SUPREMA, WITH THE OTHERS AND THUS CLOSER TO THE DOORS IN THE BACKGROUND AND FURTHER OVER TO THE RIGHT, LOOKS BACK TOWARDS BIG BROTHER AS SHE SPEAKS TO HIM.

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : I mean, Dr. Clock's DEVICE traded equal MASSES, and I couldn't figure out how five PEOPLE had the same mass as YOU guys plus ME!

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : I guess I'M the equivalent of their five HORSES.

SUPREMA : We ought to be getting HOME. I can carry both GIRLS if YOU can carry the BOYS.

PANEL 3.

NOW WE ARE ACTUALLY OUT N THE LANDING PLATFORM BENEATH THE NIGHT STARS, UP CLOSE TO ITS EDGE AND LOOKING DOWN OVER THE EDGE TOWARDS THE CLOUDS AND DISTANT GRIDDED LIGHTS OF THE CITY FAR BENEATH US. TOWARDS OUR LEFT, BIG BROTHER, REMAINING IN AN UPRIGHT POSITION, HAS TAKEN OFF WITH HIS BOOT JETS FLAMING. JOHNNY PANIC AND SHAFT STAND ON SOME SORT OF CONVENIENT PROTRUBERANCE STICKING FROM THE LOWER REACHES OF BIG BROTHER'S SMALLEST ROBOT BODY, AND HANG ON ROUND HIS NECK AND CHEST, THE WAY THEY WERE DOING TOWARDS THE END OF OUR LAST ISSUE. THEY HAVE ALREADY TAKEN OFF AND ARE STARTING TO SROP AWAY FROM US, ALTHOUGH THEY'RE STILL PRETTY CLOSE TO US AND THE FOREGROUND HERE. OVER TOWARDS THE RIGHT FOREGROUND WE SEE SUPREMA, FACING AWAY FROM US SLIGHTLY AND TOWARDS BIG BROTHER AS SHE TAKES OFF, HOLDING DOC ROCKET AND TWILIGHT TO EITHER SIDE OF HER, EFFORTLESSLY SUPPORTING THE TWO WOMEN WITH AN ARM AROUND EACH OF THEIR WAISTS. DOC ROCKET IS HELD BY SUPREMA'S LEFT ARM AND IS THUS MORE TO OUR LEFT HERE, WHILE TWILIGHT, UNDER SUPREMA'S RIGHT ARM, IS MORE TO OUR RIGHT.

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PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : No sweat. We'll see you back at the MANSION.
DOC ROCKET : Sure.
DOC ROCKET : Y'know, this has been sort of COOL! I always HOPED this team would handle TIME TRAVEL and outer SPACE and stuff...
TWILIGHT : Can't say I AGREE. Me and the PROF visited the stars PLENTY in the 'FIFTIES. It was sort of DUMB...

PANEL 4.

SAME SHOT AS LAST PANEL, LOOKING DOWN OVER THE EDGE OF THE PLATFORM TOWARDS THE MOONLIT CLOUDS AND THE DISTANT CITY LIGHTS BELOW US. THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THAT HERE, BIG BROTHER AND HIS TWO MALE PASSENGERS ALONG WITH SUPREMA AND HER TWO FEMALE PASSENGERS ARE FALLING FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY BENEATH US, HEADING DOWN AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THE CITY OF LIGHTS UNDERNEATH THEM.

TWILIGHT : I mean, the stars are a long way AWAY. Events out there aren't RELEVANT to how we live on EARTH.
TWILIGHT : What happens out THERE doesn't AFFECT us.

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PANEL 1.

NOW ANOTHER FOUR PANEL PAGE, IN WHICH WE CUT SUDDENLY TO THE DEPTHS OF INTERSTELLAR SPACE, SOMEWHERE IN A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY, AS THEY SAY. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE LOOKING AT A GIGANTIC KATELLAN STARSHIP AS IT HEADS THROUGH SPACE, MOVING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ACROSS OUR PANEL HERE, PERHAPS AT AN ANGLE SO THAT IT ALSO COMES TOWARDS US SLIGHTLY, MOVING FROM BACKGROUND TO FOREGROUND AS WELL. IT IS A HUGE AND SERENE CRAFT, BEAUTIFULLY ENGINEERED AND OBVIOUSLY THE PRIDE OF THE FLEET. THIS IS IN COMPLETE CONTRAST TO THE HORDE OF MUCH SMALLER, SCRUFFIER ALIEN SPACE CRAFT THAT ARE HEADING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. ALTHOUGH ALL THIS IS HAPPENING IN REMOTE SPACE AGAINST A BACKDROP OF ALIEN STARS AND CONSTELLATIONS, WE GET THE SAME SENSE AS IF A BIG MILITARY WAGON WERE ARRIVING AT A REMOTE VILLAGE SOMEWHERE JUST AS ITS FORMER INHABITANTS WERE EVACUATING, TAKING THEIR FAMILES AND POSSESSIONS WITH THEM ON HANDCARTS. THE ONLY DIFFERENCE HERE IS THAT THE HANDCARTS ARE SMALL AND BATTERED LOOKING PERSONAL SPACESHIPS, SOME OF THEM PERHAPS TOWING STRINGS OF EVEN SMALLER CONTAINERS BEHIND THEM THROUGH SPACE.

No Dialogue

PANEL 2.

NOW WE CUT TO THE SURFACE OF AN ALIEN PLANET, SOMEWHERE OUT ON THE LANDING STRIPS OF A SPACEPORT BY THE LOOKS OF IT.

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PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

SOMEWHERE TOWARDS THE CENTRE MIDDLEGROUND WE SEE THE HUGE AND IMPRESSIVE KATELLAN SPACECRAFT LANDING IN MASSIVE BILLOWING CLOUDS OF RETRO EXHAUST AS IT TOUCHES DOWN ON THE LANDING STRIP IN THE IMMEDIATE BACKGROUND. IN THE UPPER FAR BACKGROUND WE CAN PERHAPS SEE OTHER EXAMPLES OF THE SCRUFFY LITTLE CRAFTS OF THE NATIVES AS THEY TAKE OFF AND MIGRATE ACROSS THE SKY LIKE WRETCHED BIRDS, HEADING FOR THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE AND THE SAFE DEPTHS OF SAPCE BEYOND.

No Dialogue

PANEL 3.

NOW THE CRAFT IS LANDED IN THE FOREGROUND, AND WE SEE THAT CLIMBING DOWN ITS LADDER ONTO THE LANDING STRIP BELOW IS THE KATELLAN FORMER YOUNGBLOOD MEMBER *KOMBAT*...OR AT LEAST I THINK THAT'S HOW IT WAS SPELLED. ERIC WILL HAVE TO CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG. AS HE DESCENDS THE LADDER OR WHATEVER IT IS FROM HIS CRAFT, KOMBAT IS DRESSED IN SOME SORT OF PREVIOUSLY UNSEEN FULL CEREMONIAL DRESS UNIFORM OF THE KATELLAN SPACEFLEET. HIS FACE IS TROUBLED, AND HIS HEAD IS TURNED TO GAZE OUT OF THE LADING STRIP TOWARDS THE RIGHT BACKGROUND, WHERE WE SEE A LONE FIGURE, AN ELDERLY KATELLAN WEARING LONG ROBES AND WITH SOMETHING OF A STATESMAN-LIKE AIR ABOUT HIM. THE KATELLAN STANDS FACING AWAY FROM US AND FROM KOMBAT, GAZING OUT OVER THE LANDING STRIPS TOWARDS THE DARK NIGHT TIME SKY BEYOND. KOMBAT LOOKS WORRIED AS HE GAZES ACROSS THE LANDING STRIPS TOWARDS THIS SOLITARY FIGURE.

No Dialogue

PANEL 4.

CHANGE ANGLE, SO THAT THE PARKED STAR SHIP IS NOW OVER IN THE BACKGROUND SOMEWHERE. THE ELDERLY KATELLAN MAN THAT WE SAW LAST PANEL IS NOW UP IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, MAYBE HALF FIGURE AS HE FACES TOWARDS US, GESTURING GRAVELY TO SOMETHING OFF PANEL IN FRONT OF AND ABOVE HIM THAT WE CANNOT SEE. IN THE CENTRE MIDDLEGROUND, WE SEE KOMBAT AS HE HURRIES ANXIOUSLY ACROSS THE LANDING STRIP TOWARDS THE GRAVE AND SOLITARY FIGURE IN THE FOREGROUND, MAYBE GESTURING BACK BEHIND HIM TOWARDS HIS PARKED STARSHIP IN THE BACKGROUND AS HE DOES SO.

KOMBAT : Governor KRAAN?

KOMBAT : I am Commander KOMBAT, from KATELLA. I am here with orders that you must EVACUATE this colony planet, as your SUBJECTS are doing!

GOVERNER : I think NOT, commander. I shall die with my COLONY.

GOVERNOR : What point is there in FLEEING? Look at the STARS, my friend...

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PANEL 1.

NOW A FINAL THREE PANEL PAGE, WITH THE FINAL PANEL PROBABLY THE BIGGEST. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE ARE BEHIND THE TWO MEN AS THEY STAND THERE FULL FIGURE ON THE LANDING STRIP, FACING AWAY FROM US IN THE FOREGROUND TOWARDS THE DARK NIGHT SKY HANGING OVER THE SPACESHIP LANDING FIELDS IN THE BACKGROUND. THE GOVERNOR GESTURES TOWARDS THE DARK SKY, WHILE KOMBAT GAZES UP IN THE DIRECTION IN WHICH THE GOVERNOR INDICATES, WITH AN EXPRESSION OF TERRIFIED AWE. IN THE BACKGROUND SKY, ALTHOUGH THERE ARE SOME SPECKLED STARS VISIBLE OVER TO THE EDGES OF THE PICTURE, THERE IS HUGE AREA IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SKY THAT IS JUST SOLID BLACK, WITH NO STARS VISIBLE AT ALL.

KOMBAT : The STARS? What do you mean by...?

KOMBAT : Merciful CREATOR! Th-They're going OUT! Then it's TRUE?

GOVERNOR : Yes. It's true. The constellations are being SWALLOWED, one by one.

GOVERNOR : If you have FAMILY on KATELLA, I suggest you go home to them while you CAN, commander.

PANEL 2.

NOW A SIDE ON FULL FIGURE SHOT OF THE TWO KATELLAN MEN. KOMBAT, OVER TO OUR LEFT AND FACING RIGHT IS STARTING TO BACK AWAY FROM THE GOVERNER OVER TO THE RIGHT, LOOKING TORN AND APOLOGETIC AS HE DOES SO, MAKING A LAST APPEAL TO THE GOVERNER'S TURNED BACK. THE GOVERNOR STANDS STOICALLY OVER TO THE RIGHT, GAZING OFF THE RIGHT HAND PANEL BORDER AND THE AWFUL AND DEVASTATING EMPTINESS IN THE NIGHT SKY.

KOMBAT : Yes...yes, of course. But what can we DO? What shall I tell our High COUNCIL?

GOVERNOR : We can do NOTHING. Tell THAT to the Council. Tell them the TALES we frightened our CHILDREN with are TRUE!

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE. IN THE BACKGROUND, KOMBAT HAS TURNED AND IS HURRYING BACK TOWARDS HIS HUGE PARKED STAR SHIP THAT WE SEE OVER IN THE BACKGROUND, HURRYING TOWARDS UT AND PERHAPS CASTING A LAST DESPAIRING GLANCE BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER TOWARDS THE GIVERNOR WHO STAND FACING US IN THE FOREGROUND. AN OMINOUS AND APOCALYPTIC WIND HAS RISEN ON THE LANDING STRIP, RUFFLING THE LUXURAINT FUR COATS OF BOTH THE KATELLANS. THE GOVERNER IN THE FOREGROUND HOLDS HIS ROBE MORE TIGHTLY ABOUT HIM WITH ONE HAND, WHILE HE LIFTS HIS OTHER HAND LIKE A BIBLICAL PROPHET, STARING OUT OF THE PANEL AT US WITH WIDE, HAUNTED EYES THAT HAVE SEEN THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF THE UNIVERSE. BEHIND HIM, KOMBAT RUNS FOR HIS PARKED SPACE CRAFT, LOOKING BACK AT THE BRAVE, DOOMED GOVERNOR IN ANGUISH. PERHAPS IN THE FAR BACKGROUND WE CAN SEE HORDES MORE OF THE LITTLE SCRUFFY REFUGEE SPACECRAFT AS THEY TAKE OF FROM THE

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PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

PLANET'S SURFACE AND HEAD IN A MIGRATORY HORDE FOR SPACE.

GOVERNOR : Tell them it's COMING.

GOVERNOR : Tell them the GOAT is coming!

BOX (UNDER) : ***...AND ALL THE STARS ITS PASTURE!***